

Vol. XIII--No. 3

PRICE 5 CENTS

THURSDAY
February 26, 1903

THE MIRROR

SAINT-LOUIS

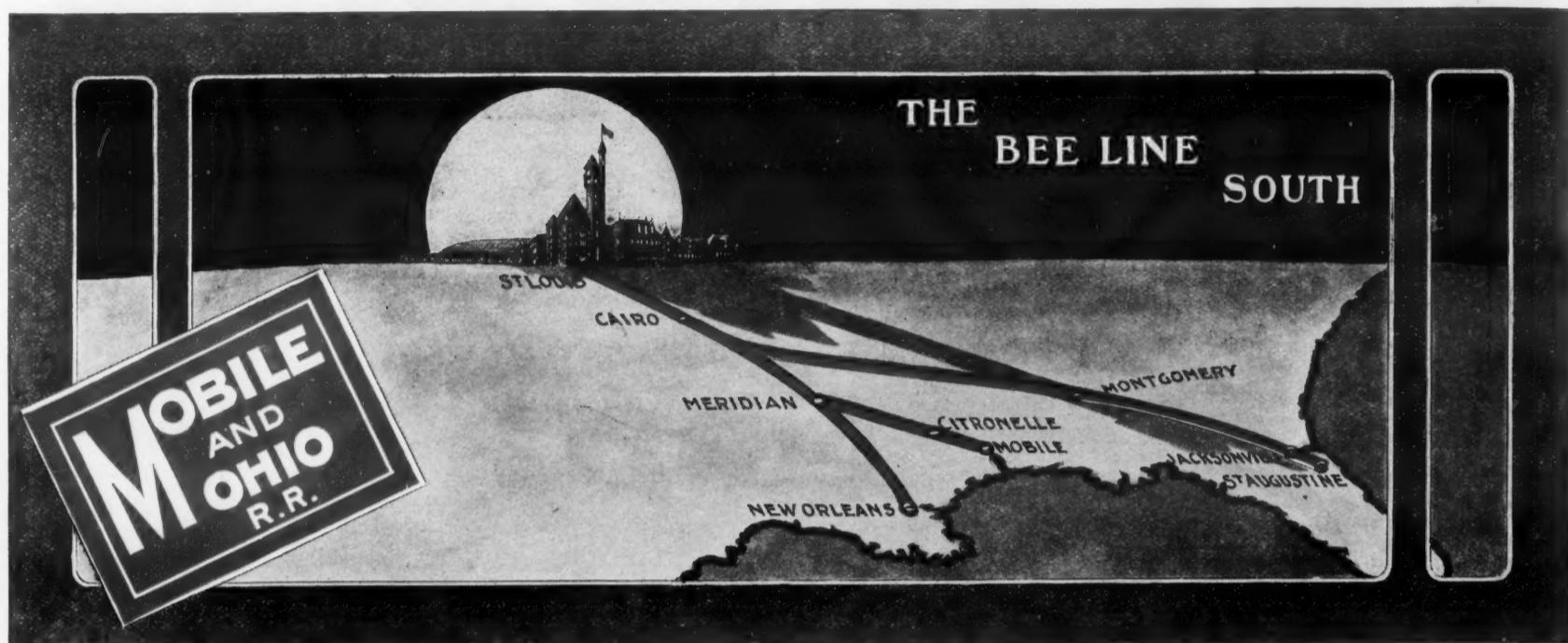


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THE VALLEY MAGAZINE,
ST. LOUIS MO

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ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1903.

PRICE, FIVE CENTS

The Mirror

Published every Thursday at

N. W. COR. 10TH AND PINE STS.

Telephones: Bell Main 2147, Kinloch, A 24.

Terms of subscription to The Mirror, including postage in the United States, Canada and Mexico, \$2.00 per year, \$1.00 for six months. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$3.50 per year.

Single copies, 5 cents.

News Dealers and Agents throughout the country supplied by the American News Company, or any of its branches.

Payments, which must be in advance, should be made by Check, Money Order, or Registered Letter, Payable to The Mirror, St. Louis.

All business communications should be addressed "Business Manager," The Mirror.

Entered at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A., as second-class matter.

FOR SALE IN EUROPE AT

London	Anglo-American Exchange, 3 Northumberland Ave.
Munich	Zeitung-Pavillon am Karlsplatz
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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor



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WITH and from the issuance of the March number the price of the *Valley Magazine* will be ten cents a copy and one dollar a year. The advance in price has been decided upon for reasons set forth in the special notice to readers in the February number. The March number will make its appearance next week.

THE EDITOR IN NEW YORK

BY WILLIAM MARION REEDY.

THE wonder of New York is that there are seemingly no pretty women here. You have the feminine celebrities pointed out to you at the opera, at Sherry's, at Martin's, at the theaters, and about all you note concerning them is their lack of beauty. You will see a beautiful woman now and then at the Waldorf-Astoria, but the Waldorf-Astoria is not a place to see New Yorkers. It is the headquarters of the aristocracy of the West. The elderly women you see at the great caravanserai seem over-dressed. Their hands seem red with reminiscences of the wash tub. You can imagine that their thumbs are rough and hard from needle-prickings. These are the women who have helped the men who have made the West. Women do not develop style and "form" like men do. The successful, new Westerner is indistinguishable from his Eastern brother and from the descendant of the Knickerbockers. The woman of years from the West is never seemingly quite at her ease in Gotham. Her clothes oppress her. But she is interesting in that she represents the men who have built up the West. It is something to warm the heart to see a man who has "won out" sticking to the woman who helped him accumulate his fortune. So many men, in these days, turn down the women who have made them, for more up-to-date, flashy mates, that you feel like patting on the back the man who has made his pile and who takes his wife to New York for a good time and treats her as if she were someone else's wife. But the Western girl, as you see her at the Waldorf, is the whole thing, also the real thing. She is so fresh and so enthusiastic and so self-reliant. She is so frank. She isn't afraid to laugh out loud. She isn't afraid to order a pitcher of beer when her escort wants to order champagne at \$10 per bottle. She isn't afraid to dress as simply as she can on evenings when, according to the superstition, all the ladies are supposed to be *en grande tenue*. She isn't afraid to applaud at the theater. In fact, it is the Westerner who does the applauding at the theater. The New Yorker, male and female, affects the *blasé* pose. The New Yorker, it is said, does not go to the theater. He or she hasn't seen anything that is the rage. He or she rarely goes to the show unless it is to entertain a visitor, and then, he or she is bored. Especially is this the case when the New Yorker is comparatively new to New York. The New Yorker is an insufferable cad or cadess. The old-timer who has come up town from University Place and Washington Square is all right. He or she has the ease of manner that marks those to the manner born. The new New Yorker is a social fakir all the time.

But I was talking about the women of New York and their lack of beauty. They make up in style, however, what they lack in good looks. The only trouble is that they are all mad to be in the fashion, and, consequently, they all look alike. They have the same languid manner, the same affectation of being bored. They all wear white this season, and, certainly, white is an attractive color in winter, although we in the South associate the white with summer almost exclusively. Hats are white, gowns are white, theater wraps and dining coats are white, and ermine is the fur that is most affected. On a gala night, at any of the resorts, the white costumes of the ladies add ma-

terially to the brilliancy of the spectacle. One wonders how the ladies manage to keep their gowns so clean, but one forgets that this is not, usually, a soft-coal using region. It seems that the *couturières* put up a job on fashion this year. They figured it out that soft-coal smoke and soot would make white gowns soil quickly, and so they took advantage of the hard-coal strike to foist upon the fashionable world a color that would necessitate the use of a great quantity of goods. It must be a great year, too, for the lace makers. Lace is conspicuous upon all gowns, and the real swell women wear it in abundance. A mere man comes, after a little while, to appreciate the real beauty of lace, to understand why women love it and rave over it. As it is shown up in this season's gowings, it is the very essence of elegance. In this connection, too, one notes that there is small play for individuality in all the details of dress. Every woman, who presumes or pretends to be anybody, wears a La Vallière. It is a pearl drop set in platinum and hanging just over the collar. Sometimes the drop is a diamond, but every woman who is of the Ancient Order of Its has a La Vallière. It rather jars one now and then to see women in the public places wearing diamond earrings, but one doesn't notice such vagaries for very long. Another thing one notes as not wholly pleasant is the New York woman's habit of going abroad leading a dog, preferably a bull terrier, but too often a pug. I don't know a better place to observe New York femininity than in the Saturday afternoon crush at the Waldorf. It is there from what May Robson calls the "demijohn" to the *haute monde*. And it is not impressive. Rather it is almost revolting. The voice, soft and low, a most excellent thing in women, is not in evidence. There is no poise of manner that you can notice. The crush is vulgar in the extreme and the most disgusting feature of it is the contingent of maschers you find hanging on the skirts of the crowd, this contingent being composed, in the main, of loud, greasy looking fellows, who look as if they had names like Rhine wines. The New York woman looks her best when she rides and drives. There she gives play to a little color and indulges in a little pose. In evening attire she is not enough of a force to overcome her gowns. You see the gowns, not the women. And they all look, oh, so tired of the men who are around them. The complaint must be as common in New York as elsewhere, that the real men are a scarcity in society. The men you see with the women are mostly inane. They have a tendency towards the loose lip, the open mouth and the empty stare. They seem to drawl in their speech and to mince in their walk. No wonder the women look weary. The theatrical women, of whose beauty the papers and the public rave, do not appear, on close inspection, to live up to their reputations. You see them at Rector's or at Martin's, and they are very disillusioning. In my opinion, the prettiest theatrical woman in New York, at the present time, is Maud Lillian Berri, well-known and liked in St. Louis. One is appalled to see the ravages of time upon the once pretty Edna Wallace Hopper, and Amelia Bingham, at close range, does not live up to her lithographs. Next to this disillusionment, as to the beauty of theatrical women, is the gossip about them. The theatrical profession vaunts the purity of its women. Gotham doesn't believe in it. You can't mention one of them, with the exception, perhaps, of Mrs. Fiske, without drawing out, from some New

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Yorker, the information that she is under the protection of this or that celebrity. To show how much this talk amounts to, I may say that I have been told, quite confidentially, that no less than half a dozen female celebrities of the stage are under the protection of Pierpont Morgan. Morgan is supposed to have everything he wants in New York, and New York, sad to say, thinks that the main desideratum of anyone with money is women. This is a subject upon which one would not willingly dwell long, but you can't escape the impression in New York that it is the most woman-mad city in the world. The talk of the cafés reminds me of nothing so much as that scene in the opening chapters of "Salambo," in which Flaubert depicts the drunken ravings of *Hanno's* mercenaries for women. It is the great mart for women indeed, and no wonder. The place is full of men with both time and money, and the women are here in all their flaming sumptuousness. And the more flamingly sumptuous the woman of the ancient profession, the surer you are to find that she is an appanage of some repulsively gorgeous "gent" who lives up to the caricatures of the Jew. But, then, these creatures, male and female, are, after all, only conspicuous by reason of their deviation from the normal. Even in this great whirling vortex of Gotham, the good folks outnumber the bad, and the bad are interesting chiefly because they are bad. The New York woman fights her age most assiduously. She is a great votress of the Turkish bath, and the masseuse is always in demand. The New York woman dresses with but one design, and that is to appear young. The result of this endeavor is often laughable, especially in the matter of hats. Elderly women in New York wear very giddy, youthful headgear, and they often seem bucolic as a consequence. And this reminds me that one seldom sees mourning in New York. Of course, people die here as elsewhere, but I suppose that wives and daughters, newly bereaved, find that the world about them is too gay to be offended with "weeds." The men still wear the mourning band on their light coats, but there's something incongruous, to say the least, in the spectacle of a young man with a mourning band on his sleeve carrying around a large and boisterous jag.

I have said that New Yorkers don't seem to support New York's theaters. They don't. You must not go to the theaters to see the celebrities or notoriety of the town. You can't see there any of the fine dressing. And you note that the audiences are rather drab in appearance. The audiences are not enthusiastic either. The players don't get anything like the applause bestowed upon them in other towns. It is hard to tell what New York likes in the theatrical line. It evidently likes Clyde Fitch's style of drama. There are at least three of his plays running here now, all as vapid as his work usually is. He seems to grind out a play every three days, and he evidently knows his New Yorkers very thoroughly. The best thing, theatrically, in New York, to my thinking, is "The Darling of the Gods," at Belasco's Theater, with Blanche Bates as *Yo-San*. It is exquisitely staged. It is novel with its Japanesque atmosphere, and there is that touch of Fate in the drama, that reminds you, in a way, of the Greek tragedies. Miss Bates is delicious in her rôle. Her methods have been both refined and strengthened since she acted *Miladi* in "The Musketeers," and *Cigarette* in "Under Two Flags." Her wooing of the wounded Samurai, *Kara*, is simply exquisite in its tenderness of willfulness, and her scene in which she betrays her lover's fellow-warriors to the Minister of Justice is as thrilling a dramatic episode as I have ever witnessed. Blanche Walsh, who has some very decided talent, is offering us *Maslova* in a version of Tolstoi's "Resurrection," but the play is bad with an ultra-Frenchy badness, which, added to Tolstoi's

realism, is "the limit" and considerably beyond it. "The Silver Slipper," "Mr. Blue Beard," "The Sultan of Sulu," "The Wizard of Oz," "The Jewel of Asia" are all spectacular shows with plenty of light, jingling music and women, women, women overmore. The music in all these concoctions is of the lightest. The wit is decidedly slight and the plot is *non est*. It is the women that make them go. The men go to see the women. The women go to see the women's gowns, and that's all there is to the spectacles. Mr. James T. Powers is New York's favorite comedian and the star in "The Jewel of Asia," but why he should be the favorite passes comprehension. In the first place, he is frightfully stuck on himself. In the second place, he seems to be nothing more than an imitator of the cockney manner. Then, again, his jokes are on the infantile line. They are not calculated to bring the hearty laugh. He can't sing for a cent. But, evidently, New York takes him at his own valuation of himself, and that's enough for Jimmy of the bulging eye and Nancy voice. The great "hit" of New York is Marie Cahill in a production called "Nancy Brown." Miss Cahill has a part in which she fairly eclipses the successes of May Irwin and Marie Dressler. She is greater in her way than ever was Maggie Cline, but she is more refined. She has wit, a voice, good looks and a pungent personality generally. She has caught New York as it hasn't been caught in many moons.

Speaking of things theatrical, reminds me to remark that Julia Marlowe has a very pleasing play in a dramatization of Cable's "The Cavalier." It is not much of a play, but it is interesting from the fact that it presents the Rebellion from the view-point of the Southerner. It is a good and a very clever antidote to plays like "The Crisis" and "Secret Service" and "Held by the Enemy." Miss Marlowe has little opportunity to exploit her qualities, but her rôle is one that is marked by much gentleness and sweetness. A version of Mrs. Burnett's "Sara Crewe," entitled "The Little Princess," enacted chiefly by children, has been enjoying a tremendous run at the matinees at the Savoy Theater. There is nothing great at the New York theaters, and nothing of unusual interest, unless it be "The Earl of Pawtucket," by Augustus Thomas, of which I shall write later. He is the greatest American playwright. He does not write too much. His work is typically American and Western.

New York is becoming Anglicized. The talk one hears everywhere is very much cockneyfied. I have mentioned Jimmy Powers' speech as being an imitation of cockney patter. The tendency of the Gotham voice is towards the high key. One notes a general drift of the voice towards a combination of the "a" and the "i" or "y." They don't say "way" but "wai," or "day" but "dai." Even the school children are affected in this way. There is no explanation of this symptom that really explains it, but it is probably a part of the prevalent New York Anglomania manifest in uniformed butlers and "tigers." The New Yorker looks to London as St. Louisans look to New York. He thinks nothing of running over to London for a few days. You meet a man at dinner this evening and you call upon him the next afternoon to find that he has "gone across." In all the big hotels, you find Burke and Debrett alongside the directories of American cities, and in most of the great offices down town, you will find the London directory and a directory of Americans in London. It is astonishing to see how many New Yorkers, or at least residents of New York, read the London papers, in the hotels and in the cars.

The greatest thing in New York is undoubtedly the subway. The way the work is pushed is almost a miracle. When you consider that the workmen have to cut through about thirty feet thickness of gneiss and that the great work is about nine months ahead of

contract time, and that the great enterprise has been pushed without materially interfering with traffic on the streets, the magnitude of the undertaking grows upon the imagination. There have been very few bad accidents in connection with the building of the great tunnel, and the manner in which the engineers have gone ahead with the work without interfering with the water or gas mains or the network of other piping increases one's respect for the majesty of the human mind. The work by which the subway was delved out under the Columbus monument, in front of Central Park, without so much as tilting the great column a fragment of an inch, is alone sufficient to stamp the designer of the great undertaking as a genius. It is not a little gratifying to a St. Louisan to know that a St. Louisan, Mr. Bryan, is the directing mind of the undertaking. The next great undertaking is, or will be, the Pennsylvania Railroad tunnel under the Hudson, right into the heart of the city, although I observe that Mr. Timothy "Dry Dollar" Sullivan, who, by the way, is one of the most interesting and cleverest of all the Tammany politicians, objects to the progress of the work unless the great corporation makes a settlement with him for his property on the line of the proposed work. One holds his breath to think what a graft such a project would be for the St. Louis gentry in the Municipal Assembly.

As I finish this letter, I am told that Mr. Bryan has told a friend here that he "would favorably consider" the proposition to nominate Joe Blackburn, of Kentucky, for President. This is the mark of the Bryan intelligence in politics. Blackburn is too old to be available. He is too much of a Southerner. He is not of Presidential stature. He is not a statesman in any sense, though an eminent "good fellow." He would not be nearly so available a man as would be a Southerner like Joe Bailey, of Texas, who, by the way, is one of the most popular men in New York. Speaking of politics, suggests that Dick Croker was thought to be coming to New York, last week, but he changed his mind. He is said to be coming back to take a fall out of David B. Hill, who, as I have written before, is back of Judge Parker's Presidential boom. There is "nothing doing" in Republican National politics in New York just now, but Mr. Governor Odell is not yet prepared to relinquish his hope that Hanna, Quay, Platt, *et al.* may be able to do something to prevent the renomination of Mr. Roosevelt, and thus make him a possibility.

New York's magnates continue to believe that prosperity will last for an indefinite period. They are banking on the confidence of the people. I see that in spite of the get-rich-quick exposures, the game still runs in New York. Riley Grannon, the plunger, is advertising his "dope" on "the ponies" and promising big dividends. Another proof that the people are still daffy, is the recrudescence of the mining craze here. A few years ago, no one would listen to a mining proposition. Now, any old mining "spiel" is listened to with avidity. It may be a gold, silver, lead or copper mine. Everything mining goes with the mob. The wise guys are not buying the shares. They are selling them.



REFLECTIONS

Investment of Money

JUDGE GROSSCUP, a thoughtful student of affairs, is of the opinion that existing economic conditions do not warrant wage earners in becoming shareholders in large industrial corporations, and that a clear recognition of this by workingmen must be held responsible for the strange fact that bank deposits, during the last decade, increased one hundred and sixty per cent, while the gain in wealth was only

twenty-five and in population only twenty per cent. From these figures, Judge Grosscup draws the conclusion that wage earners have no confidence in industrial securities paying large dividends, and prefer to entrust their savings to banks, which do not allow more than two or three per cent per annum on deposits. This conclusion has a semblance of plausibility, but, on close investigation, it fails to be borne out by the facts. For it is not so much distrust as ignorance which prevents wage earners from investing in corporate stocks and bonds. The average workingman knows practically nothing of the value of securities, the earnings of corporations, fluctuations in money markets, and the various influences which raise or lower interest rates. It is, he thinks, not his business to study things of this sort, which are not (and cannot, as a rule, be) expected to attract and to interest him. And so he prefers to deposit his savings in the bank, where it is, of course, invested just in those profitable securities to buy which distrust begotten of pardonable ignorance will not permit him. This is, of course, not much to the pecuniary advantage of the workingman, but it is, perhaps, as it should be, as long as he has neither the inclination, nor the time to devote special attention to matters of finance and investment. To become a judge of securities requires many years of study and experience. It would be extremely foolish to declare that every man should and can be his own financier. The safe investment of money is something that calls for an analytic, shrewd, far-seeing mind, and that kind of mind is rather difficult to find. If the average workman were foolish enough to invest in industrial or other securities according to his own notions of the fitness of things, he would, undoubtedly, be the loser in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. It is well known that, during the last few years, thousands of financial ignorami were, by promises of large dividends, induced to invest in industrial and mining shares, only to find out that the man who acts as his own financier has, as a rule, a fool for a client. Thousands of millions of industrial securities in this country are practically untried; their intrinsic merit cannot as yet be determined, and, this being the case, the workingman should be encouraged in his disposition to refrain from buying them and to keep his savings in the bank, where it is employed to good advantage, and generally in a safe manner, by men who have had long years of training in practical and theoretic finance.



Atavism

THE *Medical Record* recently contained an item stating that out of nearly two hundred murders committed in France in 1900 over seventy-five per cent had sexual passion as their exciting cause. These figures are certainly remarkable. They do not substantiate the statement so often made that France is suffering from a weakening of the purely animal instincts. They suggest an intensification of sexual promptings, and a recrudescence of atavistic subserviency of intellect to the brute.



Unsound Financiering

WHEN, sometime ago, the New York house of Marquand & Co. failed, it created a serious scandal, and particularly so because it led to a disclosure of the fact that Wm. H. Kimball, president of the Seventh National Bank, certified that the firm had \$1,000,000 in his bank, when, in fact, he knew that the total amount was only a few thousand dollars. This over-certification was severely criticised at the time by the depositors of the bank (which was forced to close its doors), and by everybody not directly or indirectly connected with Wall street interests. Kimball did not deny that he had issued the fraudulent certified check for \$1,000,000, but defended himself with

the simple, naive statement that he had not done anything beyond the ordinary practice. This sort of defense did not, however, prevent the imposition of a fine of \$5,000 upon him, the over-certification having evidently been found contrary to the statutes. As a tentative approach to the meting out of justice, this mulcting of Kimball deserves some commendation, but why, in the name of common sense, was the punishment not made more drastic, more adequate to the enormity of the offence? If his guilt was proved, the fine of \$5,000 is farcical to a degree. If it was not proved, the fine is unjust and should not have been imposed. If Kimball simply did what everybody else does in the world of finance, it is not altogether clear why he should be made to play the rôle of a scapegoat. Judging by the size of the fine, it would certainly appear as though the judges imposed it chiefly as a sop to the public clamor for justice, and not at all because they were fully convinced that Kimball had done anything of a criminal nature, or anything that is not in accord with present-day methods of speculative financing. They, perhaps, thought that a too severe punishment might disturb "business prosperity" in Wall street and make it more difficult for stock jobbers and syndicates to ply their lucrative, and, at times, not very honest, methods of doing business. Over-certification plays a most important part in the transaction of Wall street business. This may not be known to the general public, which is not presumed to have any knowledge of the arcana of modern finance, but it is a fact, nevertheless. Over-certification is, by many, considered the very foundation of stock speculation. It is estimated that the daily average amount of over-certification is \$45,000,000, or at the rate of \$12,000,000,000 a year. This is certainly an amount that is more respectable than the honor of some of our "leading" financiers and speculators. And this sort of business is being done with perfect impunity as long as it does not lead to the "busting" of banks. It is only when the unexpected happens, when some cog slips, when confiding people are trapped, that officers of the law wake up long enough to examine the statutes and to impose a fine of \$5,000 upon a man that has issued a fraudulent check for \$1,000,000. Considering the many vicissitudes and dangers of Wall street, it is a wonder that the practice of over-certifying does not lead to disastrous consequences oftener than it does. Many an enterprising broker would have to close his office but for the accommodating attitude of Wall street banks. He, as a rule, has not the means to pay cash for purchases on the stock exchange. Suppose he has bought a thousand shares for \$100,000, which sum he must hand over to the seller before the stock is handed over to him. He has only \$10,000 of his own and the party for whom he bought the stock has put up \$10,000 as margin. Consequently he has only \$20,000 to apply to the purchase. He knows that, if he can secure possession of the thousand shares, it will be an easy matter for him to hypothecate the stock at a bank and obtain an \$80,000 loan on it. How can and does he help himself in such daily emergencies?

By simply having his bank certify that there is a balance of \$100,000 to his credit. Grabbing this certified check, he frantically rushes to the seller of the stock, hands him the certified check in payment, then borrows \$80,000 on the stock at another bank, which sum he deposits in the bank that issued the certified check, and this, together with the other \$20,000 in his possession, suffices to justify the confidence reposed in him by the obliging bank officials. All this is very simple, and very easy, and is done every day. And, yet, it can hardly be termed conservative financing. The borrower in the Marquand case, for instance, to whom the check for \$1,000,000 had been issued, failed to make good, and thereby forced the Seventh National Bank

to suspend. Of course, there are many officials who exercise the utmost caution in matters of this kind and assure themselves beforehand that the borrower has the means at his command to warrant the issuing of the certified check. St. Louis bank officials, for instance, are well known to be above suspicion in regard to the issuance of certified checks, and to this attitude of circumspection on their part must be attributed the enviable reputation which this city has for financial solidity and integrity. In New York and Chicago, however, over-certifying has become a standing and alarming evil, one that may and should lead to awful results in times of panic and credit-contraction.



Stop Lawing

THE legislative mill at Jefferson City is grinding fast and faster. If it continues at the present ratio, the repertoire of Missouri Solons should soon be exhausted. The number of bills already introduced is startling. It is a dull day that does not bring news of another batch of bills having been thrown at the speaker's head. Our State law-givers are very public-spirited, but they should be satisfied with the record established and sin no more. They should be told to go home and be good. There is such a thing as too much "lawing," and, God knows, we have all the laws we need in Missouri. These periodical outbreaks of legislation are what Grover Cleveland calls an "afflictive visitation." They have a tendency to lower the dignity of the legislature and popular respect for the statutes.



A Grand Old Man

LEO XIII, who has just celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his election to the Papal chair, is, probably, the most notable personality of the present day. In spite of many harassing and steadily increasing difficulties, he has succeeded, and still is succeeding, not only in maintaining Papal authority, but in actually increasing it. The Church of Rome, all assertions of its detractors to the contrary notwithstanding, is today more powerful and more respected than it was twenty-five years ago. It is still, and will remain, a potent force for good in matters religious, political, social and economic. The anti-clerical campaign in France and a few other Latin countries will end in utter failure. It will hurt the Roman Church no more than did the persecutions of Bonaparte and of Bismarck. Leo XIII is, indeed, a grand old man. Even impartial critics of different faith must be willing to admit this. He is a theologian, a scholar and a statesman of recognized and salient ability. He is well in touch with modern thought and aspiration. He has made it his policy to stifle reactionary tendencies in religious as well as political affairs. Leo XIII is truly a spiritual power, and, recognizing this, one cannot help but marvel at the influence that he wields and the results he has obtained. There is something in his life's record and achievements that is thrillingly noble, inspiringly beautiful, something that is calculated to minimize the spirit of weary sadness that is so prone to overcome us in times of meditation and introspection, when the thought of the everlasting conflict between good and evil haunts and oppresses us, when the specter of grim despair stands before our mind's eye, and points out to us how far we still are from the goal which we are toiling to reach.



Boresome Morgan

SENATOR MORGAN has become intolerably boresome in his hostile attitude towards the Panama Canal treaty. His determination to continue extolling the fancied superior advantages of the Nicaragua route until his logomachic resources are completely exhausted is asinine, as well as indecent. The Senate

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should not permit of such puerile trifling with its dignity and of such damnatory waste of its time. The Panama route has been selected; it is favored by the Government and the overwhelming majority of the people, and there is no earthly reason why Senator Morgan should be given unlimited time to drone interminable, senseless speeches in a well-night empty chamber and in advocacy of a thing in which he and a certain coterie of financiers alone are interested.



Baseless Talk

THIS lurid talk about a startling growth of gambling in this city is rank bosh. There is less of this sort of vice in this than in any other city with the same number of people. Police Chief Kiely's assertion to this effect is unquestionably in accord with the true state of affairs. And it is due to the vigilance exercised by him and the efficient force under his control that gambling is not more in evidence than it is in St. Louis. Chief Kiely, it is safe to say, is no more a protector of gambling or any other kind of vice than are his unctuously virtuous critics.



Imperial Theology

THERE is only one God, and Emperor William is his prophet. This is the thought which inevitably obtrudes itself upon our mind after reading the late imperial utterances relative to such weighty matters as the Divine authorship of the Bible, God's chosen way of revealing himself to the human race, and the merits and demerits of "Higher Criticism" of the present day. The Emperor's well-known versatility of mind is assuming startlingly grotesque forms and dimensions. It is beginning seriously to be affected by acute and chronic megalomania. This can be readily inferred from the indefatigable persistence with which he labors at the canonization of his grandfather, Emperor William I, whom he lately declared to have been one of the mouthpieces of the Almighty. The German potentate has ideas that are refreshingly naive in this cynical age. He calmly asserts that Hammurabi, King of the Assyrians, Homer, Charlemagne, Goethe, Kant and his (William's) grandfather were all Divinely inspired men, who deserve to be classed with Scriptural writers. This thesis is not entirely new, but it has never before been promulgated with such an astounding degree of aplomb and seeming authority. Whether the shades of Kant and Shakespeare will condescend to consider the imperial grandfather their equal cannot be determined at this time, and at this distance. Perhaps they have other things to worry over than William's theological opinions. It must be acknowledgment in William's theory that littérateurs are sideration in William's theory that littérateurs are sometimes chosen to interpret Divine will and power. We have, for instance, long been under the impression that the unearthly predominates in the pen-pushings of that "brilliant genius," Marie Corélli. Besides, every literary hack feels the power of inspiration when the cash runs out and something has to be done to secure the means of preserving an appearance of genteel poverty. The Emperor's theology may not be so bad or so grotesque, after all. There may be method in his madness.



The Spitting Nuisance

THE anti-spitting ordinance, lately enacted, is a step in the right direction. It aims at the laying of a nuisance that is extremely vulgar and filthy, and that is constantly endangering public health. It provides for the fining of anybody that is caught spitting on the sidewalks, in public buildings, parks, places and street cars. The intent of the ordinance is good and laudable, but, it seems to me, the fine attached is ridiculously and fatally small. The ordinance represents, of course, the best that could be obtained at the present

time, and it is, certainly, better than nothing at all. But, still, one would have liked to see a heavier penalty provided for offenders. That the ordinance will be properly enforced cannot be expected, in spite of the broadness of its scope. It will, however, have the effect of impressing offenders, and the public in general, more with the desirability of observing one of the most ordinary rules of decency and cleanliness in public places and street cars. One of the most disgraceful abominations in American cities is the spitting habit. It is one that is utterly alien to the gentleman. No well-bred man will spit on sidewalks, in cars and public places, where ladies trail their skirts. Cleanliness is an attribute of common refinement, so much so, in fact, that it may truly be said that no true gentleman will tolerate, or himself practice, filthy habits. To expectorate, no matter where, is hoggish. There are days when the sidewalks in the business portion of St. Louis are enough to turn one's stomach. And this feeling of nausea is increased when one sees elegantly dressed ladies trailing their skirts through the pig-sty of beastly filth. The Civic Improvement League should see to it that there is at least a sincere effort made to enforce the new ordinance.



A CELTIC RENAISSANCE

BY JAMES J. RUSSELL.

IS there a revival of Celtic influence on the world's intellectual endeavor? This is a question which has lately been actively and most interestingly discussed by various literary authorities, not only in English-speaking countries, but also in France and Germany. Several French writers have been devoting special attention to it for some time and aroused a great deal of attention among the literary circles of Paris.

In referring to this subject, a writer in the London *Academy* makes the statement (which rests on solid facts) that there are two things characteristic of the active Irishman—absence from the land of his heart's desire and the constant backward longing for the places of his youth. And in this we touch the very heart of the matter; that backward longing makes Ireland very much what she is to-day; she dreams of a past charged with visions, color, battles, and the shows of life; and like the dreamer who half awakes, she turns to her sleep again. This we believe to be true of the nation; individuals there are, of whom Mr. Gwynn is one, who strive in the intervals of more strenuous occupation to revive activities in letters and in material affairs. Of the difficulty in arousing interest in material affairs of the history of the last five-and-twenty years speaks, and for those who really want to get the bed-rock facts we commend Dr. O'Gara's remarkable "The Green Republic" rather than Mr. Gwynn's volume. Concerning the land question, we have seldom read anything so illuminating as Dr. O'Gara's pages; the author leads logically and with cumulative cogency to his honest and broad conclusions. But here we have not to deal with matters of politics or the land; our concern is with temperament and literature.

The Celtic influence in literature has, of course, been great, but, like all partisans, Mr. Gwynn is inclined to overrate it. Indeed, until quite recent years, it has been a small influence. Here is a statement, the second sentence of which gives us pause: "Mr. Meredith, by common consent, head of those who write in English to-day, is Celt and Welshman, but he is the Celt become cosmopolitan. A Celt may recognize the Celt in him; the Englishman may feel, and probably does feel, in his work an element that is bewildering and alien." But surely all great writers have been cosmopolitan in their appeal. And observe Mr. Gwynn's remarkable assumption that only the Celt can appreciate the Celt; it indicates a narrowness of view, and, we may add, of knowledge, which is astonishing. It may, indeed, safely be asserted that Mr. Meredith's public is essentially an English public; the Celtic imagination in general does not lend itself to

such conciseness, such preponderating thought, such heat of actual passion, as make Mr. Meredith's work supreme. The sensitiveness to the "beauty of vagueness, of large, dim, and waving shapes" may be his, but all his philosophy and art tend to concreteness and the facing of facts. From these things may be drawn a loveliness and music of far greater actual value than from "dim and waving shapes." For the Gaelic Revival in Literature we have nothing but good will; it seems necessary, however, now and then, to remind the enthusiast that exaggeration does not help a cause. We can hardly believe that the effective influence of the Gaelic League and the Irish Theater is so great as might appear. Certain people are interested, certain intelligences find occupation, but how far does the influence spread? We fancy that interest is stronger in England than in Ireland, at any rate, and that the lovers of Mr. Yeats' verse, for instance, are largely English. As for the revival of the Gaelic tongue in Ireland, we can only say that we watch the experiment with interest. And if it is revived, we very much doubt whether it will greatly help literature. For that literature must largely be created, and the Celts are not a reading people.

Anyone who knows anything about Ireland knows that the Irish Celts are not a reading people. Traditional songs and stories they have, which make the glamour of their twilights articulate and stir those half-conscious memories which are implicit in generation after generation. But the story which circles about the fire, the song that plucks at the heart, does not necessarily imply love for or even a rudimentary appreciation of literature; it signifies the continuity of tradition, the reaching after the unknown, the love of a past which seems to shed lig'it up in a perhaps glorious present. The love of song and story is common to all races, and the more primitive they are the stronger is that love. It is one of the wonders of our time that a people so near to the greatest activities of the world should have remained so primitive; it is a wonder and at the same time a joy. For behind all the economic failure of Ireland, behind all the sadness of a race backward in physical prosperity, we feel in some sense that that race is a nurse of the things of the spirit, a home for almost forgotten waifs of music, a keeper of the mysteries which can never wholly die and never wholly be understood. No nation, of course, can be made literary, and least of all, we think, could Ireland; for literature must of necessity be self-conscious. Even now we know of places where the "good people" have somewhat fallen from their high estate; the breath of a utilitarian world has reached valleys where not long ago the fairies were accepted as part of the scheme of things. Whether this be well or ill is a matter which we cannot discuss; but it is certain that progress and the printed word are not good for fairies and intuitive symbols. Mr. Gwynn believes in material progress, and he believes in the value of a "Background of dim half-comprehended shapes." How shall these two be reconciled? Progress, certainly, we must work for; we cannot nowadays afford to cultivate a preserve of dreams, unless they be such dreams as become revitalized in action.

We wrote recently in these columns of the tragedy of the Celt, and true tragedy there is; but it is a tragedy with divine mitigations. Love of the past is not wholly a Celtic virtue, as some writers would have us suppose; it is as strong in the Anglo-Saxon blood as in the Celtic. But the Anglo-Saxon builds upon the past, and in his activity can project his mind into a future which shall respect his building and assimilate the best of his little labors. The Celt finds his home in the past; it is his sanctuary from the sordidness of the present, a place of secure and serene retreat. And in that lies the mitigation of the personal tragedy, though regarded in terms of nationality it perhaps hardly counts. To be the champion of lost causes is to the individual as fine as impracticable ideal as may be, and in a sense the past is the very battle-ground and symbol of lost causes. Therefore to live in the past is to confess oneself weak for the present. The present must always have some battle-cry, even though it sound but faintly through formless tumult and ig-

noble dust; there must always be the forward view, even though the men whose vision can search it out are but a poor twelve in an upper room.

That forward view is foreign to the average Celtic temperament. If it sees the future at all it sees it as a re-created past; it is a temperament which declines upon the old order, feeding upon time vanished as upon living pastures. It is the way of dreams, of delight, of sadness, of unavailing unrest. It is one way of literature as well, but hardly a way to rouse the spirit, to give the call to action, to wrest from circumstance the reluctant jewel of crowned endeavor. Says Mr. Yates in his "Cloths of Dreams":

Had I the heaven's embroidered cloths,
Enwrought with golden and silver light—
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths
Of night and light and the half light—
I would spread the cloths under your feet.
But I, being poor, have only my dreams;
I have spread my dreams under your feet;
Tread softly, because you tread on my dreams.

It is good to have dreams to offer, but what of the future? No literary revival will awaken a race. Only from the inside, from the impulse of the people, can that be accomplished. The grip of the past may be as sinister as the grip of a dead hand; to brood upon glory departed may be to forfeit the possible glory of time to come. Yet out of this brooding there has sprung, and may spring, real literature, for literature is as wide as all human experience.



THE REWARD OF SIN

BY JOHN H. RAFERTY.

HERE is no stupidity so dense and monumental as the stupidity of conceit; there is no conceit so hopelessly ineradicable, so imperturbably immovable as the conceit of the Pharisee. He plucks not at the fruit of the tree of knowledge, but, scatheless in an impenetrable hide of arrogant unknowingness, goes forward with sinless, uplifted face to that beatific dream that somebody told him about.

He never brought a tear into his mother's eyes. He has kept with no veil companionship, for the friend who has erred he has cast off and forgotten. He has known no strife of men, for the unsmitten cheek was always ready for the foe. No amour has he known but that which is licensed by "a bell, a candle and a book," to say nothing of a fee, and to him all frailty has been sin and all passion sure damnation.

Childhood is a dream of impossible glories yet to come; but, to a man, the memory of his mother's griefs is as the echo of the voice of an angelic monitor heard long ago. It comes back, frail and thin now, but it comes and will come when the smile and the laughter of old days have become vague or meaningless. Tired sinner with the hair upon your face—do you recall the tear that fell upon your forward brow some day you tortured her? And, knowing now the unbought heart from which it flowed, how do you reckon with the paltry fancies for which you threw away the years?

Have you been drunk? Then you have been king for an hour. But the next morning you knew at last the bitter emptiness of kingship. How many mistresses have you had? Ten? Fifty, you say? Then roll their frailties and their excellences all into one; fancy one a paragon of all the virtue and all the beauty of all the others, and let us know if the composite is somewhat like the sum and crown of your young yearnings! Sum up all their favors, and they seemed splendid in their day, and say which of them, how much of them are yours "to keep."

Do you know now why the poets, the sculptors and the painters so befooled you? Do you know why the artists seem to have lied, one and all of them? They have tried to make for you a composite of their dreams. They have put the face of some Madonna

upon the body of some lewd divinity; they have inspired the lips of common courtesans with the deathless songs of their own imaginings; they have put into the eyes of lust the light of immorality, not because it was, but because they wished it there. Then you smile sadly, for you know that a woman is a woman and a man is a man, and you yourself are like the others. You do not thank God that you are not like other men, for you would like yet to hope that He whom we have not seen must be at last that composite entity of all the wisdom, all the grace, all the beauty and all the tenderness for which we have vainly hoped in man. You would like to be like other men; like this, for his quality of courage; like that for his gentleness; like another for his strength; like another for his beauty; like a woman for her tenderness; like a man for his loyalty; like a child for its simplicity.

In the impact of battle you catch something of the glory and the purpose of the thunder-drums; in the ecstasy of combat there is a hint of the monstrous passion of a storm; in the loss of your sweetheart is the secret of the fading of every flower that is plucked, the old mystery of the blight that lies in love consummated. Friendship has endured best, because it is essentially a spiritual pact. To it you would like to give everything and from it you would take nothing. You sit in its shade in the parched days, but you do not lop the tree's branches nor clip its blossoms. In the winter it shelters you from the wind, but you do not burn it that you may be snug for an hour. You nourish it with loving effort and mulch the soil in which its roots lie deep, and you do not know or care whether a blister comes upon your palms.

At last it would seem that unselfishness is the immortal quality. Lust is a tyrant that ends by destroying its own favorites. Drunkenness conquers a regiment of knaves in buckram and wakes—a fool in motley. Prayer is the plea of a coward or the hymn of a zealot, idle as the wind which wastes it. The pomp of prelates and the pagan pageantries of kings seem like the vain mummeries of pride and ignorance to the man who has sinned, whose soul has been steeped in the alembic of regret and who measures men by deeds.

Having stripped away the thin but gaudy veneer of bigotry; having waited for the Babel of voices to fail; forgetting the jargon and the sophistries; draining the dregs and tossing away the faded flowers; knowing at last, and face to face with, the only thing that is worth while, the sinner who has lived his life may at last go tell the Prophets and the Pharisees what is the pith and core of Godliness.



IBSEN IN DISGRACE

BY FRANCIS A. HOUSE.

EMESIS has at last overtaken Henrik Ibsen. Richard Tuthill, a "learned" Chicago Judge, has placed the Norwegian's works on the *Index Librorum Prohibitorum*. In his "masterly" opinion, he expresses himself very forcibly in regard to the foolishness of many women in considering themselves *Noras*, living in Ibsen "doll-houses," and in following precepts of moral conduct that are utterly out of place in the hyper-refined and hyperaesthetic pork-civilization of Chicago. The critical woolsacker stoutly believes that Ibsen is an apostle of sin; that his writings have a tendency to play the very devil with the more emotional class of educated women, inasmuch as they lay too much stress upon feminine rights and none at all upon feminine duties.

The Chicago Solomon has spoken, and the whole literary world will now bow deferentially to his opinion. Up to the hour of going to press, no notice of

appeal had yet been filed by the Ibsenites of Bean-Boston, and it is thus to be presumed that the opinion will stand and be abided by, according to the well-known rule of *stare decisis*. Chicago has, for some time, been recognized as the very center of literary criticism. Its judges are known to be deeply versed in the technicalities and proprieties of literary art. Since they delivered such a tremendous blow on poor *Cyrano's* luminous proboscis, not even the Immortals of the *Académie Française* have dared to dissent from the literary opinions of Chicago's bench-warmers. Judge Tuthill will hereafter be known to fame as the man who undid the leonine Ibsen, and revealed the truly pernicious influence which his works exert upon the eternal feminine. As *arbiter elegantiarum* in the world of morals he has rendered mankind a noble and lasting service.

The "Daniel come to judgment" makes the grave and damning assertion that Ibsen produces too many plays revolving round domestic problems, and that this is the reason why he is so popular with women-readers. His heroines are all high-strung in their ideas and ideals. They are all "off" in matters of conjugal and parental relations. Their views of ordinary moral conduct are as wobbly as those of Professor Jacob Gould Schurmann on our Philippine policy, or those of Babcock on the question of tariff revision. Ibsen is entirely too radical for the Chicago school of literary connoisseurs. Judge Tuthill knows perfectly well that Chicago's moral life is not of the very best. In some of its aspects, it is suggestively porkish. In some of its results, it is anything but edifying or indicative of a sublime conception of moral purity and progress.

Ibsen's works are, unquestionably, not adapted for thumbing in Porkopolis. They are calculated to make bad conditions worse. What Chicago most needs, according to the Judge's opinion, is literature of the good old sort, in which questions of sexology are handled in a gingerly fashion, in which men and women still talk of the "divine passion of love" long after their heart has become an agglomeration of moral smut and filth. The "learned" Tuthill still dreams of that golden age when women blushed at the mention of such awful things as "legs" and "pants," and when the young man, "sighing like a furnace," made ballads to his mistress' eyebrows, and met her in the moonlight at the garden gate.

Ibsen is shockingly plain in expounding woman's rights and sexual relations. His notions are too "cranky" for propagation in a well-ordered, happy Chicago home. They are not fit to be read even by the most emancipated woman that advocates reforms in men's dress and raves of the fine, plump, well-filling legs of her liege lord, when addressing her club at the weekly meeting.

Tuthill is right. Ibsen must be excluded from American literary studies. His idiosyncrasies, radicalism and pessimism do not go with Blackstone's Commentaries and Smith's Legal Digest. They would not be tolerated by a police judge in one of the "bummiest" wards in America's metropolitan cities. They may be the right thing in gloomy, foggy Norway, but in the land of the "Pilgrim fathers" they are an utter impossibility.

Chicago Judges know what morality is. If they do not practice well-known rules of moral conduct themselves, at times (ah, a palpable bit!), they know them at least by hearsay. And they seem to be a unit in declaring that the women of Chicago, and America in general, cannot do better than read that excellent *encyclopedia* of the purest sort of moral doctrines—Bok's *Ladies' Home Journal*. There only can one find the proper standard of sexual and conjugal ethics; there only can one find expressed pure, lofty conceptions of

right and duties, such as the most puritanical Chicago Judge would like the wife of his bosom to read and to cherish.

Let's make a bonfire of Ibsen's works. While they are extant and in print, they are a standing temptation to our fair ones. And after they have been consumed by the flames, emancipated wives must be told to stop reading such crazy stuff and to behave themselves like their grandmothers used to do. To paraphrase Hamlet's words: "To the nursery and kitchen, go, go!"



A VAGARY OF CONSCIENCE

BY FRANCES PORCHER.

A PACKAGE had come by express, and when she opened it she grew faint, and yet it held nothing but a silken cushion filled with fragrant pine needles, and pinned thereto a card from a traveling cousin who had fancied it herself and sent it forthwith to her.

And then, when her vision had cleared and the choking pressure had left her throat, she sat down, with the cushion in her lap, and took herself to task. It was humiliating, it seemed worse than humiliating—criminal almost, that she, a happy wife of ten years' standing, with a houseful of boys and girls of her own, should let a breath of an odor almost sicken her, because it recalled one event in her life and that connected with a man not her husband.

It was not the first time; that was the worst of it. Time and again had the balmy fragrance of the pines carried her back to that evening, that one evening which was the only reserved confidence between herself and the man she had married. And yet it was no crime that it should so haunt her. What a queer thing, she thought, was a woman's conscience that it should torture one about so small a matter and, probably, be callous and cold to a real misdeed. One thing was certain; this ghost had to be laid, and she meant to lay it; lay it right now with that pillow of spicy odors where it would torment her to the utmost; her treatment of herself should be heroic or nothing, and her cure should be final and beyond a peradventure.

And so she closed her eyes and let the perfume of the pines envelop her while her soul went wandering backward to the days of her youth, when as girl and boy, maiden and young man, she and one other had grown through happy years together. There had been no love-making, only comradeship, until one evening, when they had lingered under the pines until the stars came out and the wind had risen until it was like the wailing of the sea around them. A silence had fallen between them and she remembered how alone they had seemed in the whole world. The stars and the pines and the sighing, wailing winds, and just they two in the midst of things.

And then they had walked home, without words, and at the door he had held out his arms impulsively and she had gone to him and he had kissed her upon her lips, and before he could recover himself she had torn herself away and rushed to her room, overwhelmed with a girlish shame for the kiss, and a woman's joy for the love it expressed.

Until then she had not known she loved him, his companionship had been such a matter of course, but now she felt that all things were different, that the old things had passed away forever. She could not sleep; she remembered how transcendently beautiful were the heavens that night and how exquisitely wonderful was the miracle of dawn and how, as the first flush tinted the East, she had held out her arms to it like the veriest worshiper and sobbed out her confession: "He loves me, sun, he loves me!" And then how she had trembled and awaited their next meeting,

fearing, yet hoping for the question that she was sure would follow. He had always been such a reticent, undemonstrative fellow, she had half wondered what he would say, and then her cheeks had grown hot as she remembered the kiss, and she had ceased to wonder and only shyly waited.

Then came the strange part, for he had never spoken. They had met, but with a reserve between them, she conscious of a repellent feeling that demanded his pleading to be overcome, and as he failed to plead the repellance seemed suddenly intensified into a sense of shame, real shame, for the kiss she had so freely given until it had absorbed all other feeling. And so they had drifted apart and afterwards she had met a man, who both loved and pleaded, and she had married him and been very happy and had given him such a full and earnest love that she had often wondered if the feeling for the other man had ever been anything but the brief madness of a youthful brain. And yet, after twelve years, the odor of pine needles had the power to bring back the old delirious joy of that October night, and the shame of that one kiss whose recollection burned her lips like a flame, would rise and fairly stifle her for a moment.

"It isn't because I have not told Will, because he would only laugh if I did and say I was making a big mountain out of the mole hill of a girl's kiss! It isn't because I love Walter, for Will's little finger is worth more to me than Walter, body and soul, ever could have been, so what is it?" And she thought and thought until suddenly there came an illumination and with it an impulse which she straightway arose and followed after the manner of certain women the world over.



"Will you take my card to Judge Hawkins?" she found herself saying, a few hours later to the functionary who guarded the inner office of that gentleman, and in an instant she was before the man whom, in older days she had called "Walter," and with whom she had roamed the fields as a child.

"I'll not take much time," she said, almost breathlessly, "but I want to relieve myself of something that has worried me for a long time. I suspect it is a queer thing for a woman, a married woman, at any rate, to do, to refer to such a by-gone matter, but I've about come to the conclusion that it is not because I have not told my husband, but because I cannot bear for *you* to think what you must think that it does worry me, and so—and so—well, I've come."

At first, the Judge looked bewildered and then quizzical, for he had had much experience in the affairs of women and knew that she must state her case in her own way or state it not at all. "And, now, what is it?" he said.

The pink of her cheeks deepened to scarlet and her voice trembled, but her eyes met his bravely as she went on: "Do you remember one October night, Walter, when we strayed until the stars came out in the pine grove at home?"

The Judge's elbow was on his desk and he lifted his hand until his head rested upon it as she asked her question, but she did not notice that his eyes sought the floor. "Well, you—you kissed me that night and I—I let you do it. I—I thought afterwards that—that—well, perhaps, that you'd say something, but you didn't and so I've believed that you must have thought I let you kiss me out of pure wantonness, and so you were disgusted with me, and that was why you did not speak. I want to tell you, Walter, that it was not so; that if I had not believed I really loved you then, I would never have kissed you. Of course—the red dying down and a laugh creeping into her eyes—"of course, I *didn't* really love you, or I could not love Will so much, but still I could not bear for

you to think me a girl who would scatter her kisses unless for love, and I've felt so ashamed of that kiss, Walter, all these years, and I don't want to be ashamed any more, so I just thought I'd come and tell you all about it."

The Judge arose and walked to a window, looking out absently for a moment, and then, turned slowly around.

"I hope I haven't done anything wrong in coming?" she asked.

"Not a bit," replied the Judge, as he seemed to cast off some oppression of manner, "not a bit. I—I am glad you came. Don't ever let that little episode worry you, and let me beg you never to be ashamed because of any fear of anything I might have thought. I have never had a thought of you, Mary, that an angel might not have claimed."

He held out his hand, into which she frankly laid her own. "Good-bye," she said, and in another moment she was gone.

That night, after the children were all in bed, she made a clean breast of it to her husband. "Now, don't scold, Will," she said, when she had finished, "maybe I should not have gone to see Walter, but, somehow, I just had to," but he only held her close and said not a word.

"Are you angry, Will?" she finally asked.

"Angry?" he repeated. "No, I was only trying to comprehend the purity of a woman like you."



That night Judge Hawkins smoked much and late. As he threw his last cigar stub in the grate, he patted his collie, asleep on the rug, on the head, and, as he looked up quickly and affectionately, said apropos of nothing in particular: "Bob, old fellow, you are all right and a good cigar is a smoke; but a man who lets a woman bluff him into not speaking when he wants to speak, and ought to speak, is a fool."



SMART SOCIETY AND GOOD

BY J. F. MILBANK.

GOOD society is one thing, smart society quite another. Smart sets are peculiarly offensive in a democracy. They have no room for the Lincolns and Hewitts. And these are the men which we depend on. Smart society rejects suffering and all that ennobles. It only cultivates the small thing—the *petits premiers*—of life. Smart society is to good society what the *maitre de danse* is to *Monseigneur*. Just that and nothing else. It is very vulgar, because it vulgarizes nearly everything it touches. It kills the finer feelings. Present-day England is an object-lesson as far as smart society goes, and it strikes pretty deep. "Wherever inclination points, there I have a right to travel," is its selfish and demoralizing creed.

But how stupid this smart society is! Why called smart? What would Rochester think of it, we wonder? Now that *fidus Achates* of the Merry Monarch (with all his faults) had brains. So, in a measure, had his royal patron. He (Charles) had, at any rate, brains enough to recognize intellect. And whatever the smart set was in the days of the Restoration, its members were not fools. Carlyle might have called them rakes or something more Burns-like than that, but he would not have quarreled with their intellect. To-day, Anglo-Saxon smart society is stupid. The modern drama is a fair criterion. Its women are gowned and its men are groomed, and they have some small talk and a few epigrams. But no more. Compare the Victorian smart set with the Caroline, and one must acknowledge that in Rochester's day they played the game, and played it to the finish—King and court. They did it all in a brave and "gentlemanly"

way, and whatever they were and whatever they lacked, they were not Pharisees; that's sure. Spades were spades, and jades were jades. There was no blanket. Nell Gwynne was Nell Gwynne—"Charles' friend." And the dying patron of Rochester *et id omne* could find time, after having made confession to "the little black Bishop," to ask his old associates not to forget to take care of poor Nell! How queer it all seems now! Poor Nell! Well, the smart set, whatsoever else it did for its king, certainly attended to this legacy. Nell did very well. To-day "poor Nell's" child (young Burford as he was then) is represented in a Dukedom, possesses a larger rent-roll than a modern "war-lord," or the hero of Ashantee and Coomassie. *O tempora, O mores!* So, compared with the rakes of the Restoration, the "progress" of their modern successors is tame jejune, stupid, nasty. We are taught on very good authority to judge things by their fruit. Let us, therefore, act accordingly towards the smart set. On examination, and after reading our Pepys, we are free to confess that it—the smart society's fruit—is about the nastiest and bitterest we have ever seen displayed. It is so bald. It has not, if we may be permitted the expression, the French coloring of decency. It is "quite English, you know," and that means a great deal! Anglo-Saxon nastiness is nastiness *par excellence*.

Read and examine the smart set's history during the last twenty years. Read its culminating *cause célèbre*, which it gave to the world last Christmas. We refer to the Cowley-Cradock-Hartopp-Wilson affair. Oh! yes, we must have the Wilson's *et hoc genus omne*. Nothing unpleasant would be complete without them. But the stupidity of them all! That is the thing. What dunces!

Which one of our modern respondents or correspondents could as quickly (or even laboring like the mouse) produce anything like Rochester's time-worn lines on Charles, viz:

"Here lies our Sovereign Lord, the King,
Whose word no man relies on;
Who never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one."

A smart sinner like that was worth keeping around. We confess to a sneaking fondness for such a fellow—especially for his brains.

Here is one thing for which we must give smart society credit, and that is its *modus operandi* as regards new membership. For, in smart society there are the "charter members" and others. It is the "others" who have to make the game. The "charter members" the managers. They are "on the foundation." The "others" (you and I, if we have the money), in the poetry of Kipling, pay, pay, pay.

After all, smart society is not all society. It is only the patent medicine kind, so to speak, which has to brag and advertise itself in order to live. Good society is good everywhere. So is its guinea-stamp. It is good people who make good society. Its *cachet* is not goody-goodness, nor is it nasty-nastiness.

By all means, give us good society. We believe American society ought to be the very best and healthiest. Certainly, in a country where loafing is frowned upon rather than encouraged—where a young billionaire invents a new kind of locomotive and wears "jeans" along with *les autres*, there is every hope that our society will remain healthy and decent and not degenerate with what is so inappropriately termed smart.

And, furthermore, America does not require to impart her social goodness. We have, to some extent, been under that impression. But it is a false impression. "Spread-eagleism" can be very offensive and

vulgar—we have blushed for it abroad more than once—but we need not go to the other extreme. Just because the thing crosses the water is no reason or argument in favor of its infallible correctness or fitness. We have some traditions, even if we are a young country in the eyes of old-world diplomats. And those traditions are not at all bad.

But if our people must sometimes go abroad for their social models as well as for husbands, we would earnestly beg of them to copy character rather than tinsel. What better patterns of high life and high breeding can be found anywhere than in *Mrs. Allison* in Du Maurier's "Sir George Tressady?" There stands the simplest of women, yet *grande dame* to her finger tips. Simplicity is the best aristocracy. And if *Mrs. Allison* can be held up to women, whom can we better show to man and say "copy him" than that fine old Southern gentleman, *Colonel Carvel*, whom—with all his faults—we fell in love with in "The Crisis." We have good society in this country—plenty of it, and it's healthy. That is just what makes it good. Let us be smart enough to keep it good.



DANGERS AND PROBLEMS

BY L. ARTHUR STANTON.

DR. JAMES J. HILL, the Northwestern railroad magnate, is still talking in a pessimistic strain. He has evidently convinced himself that there is much of the unsound and unstable in the country's financial and industrial structure of the present day. Considering the prominence of his position, his reputation for sagacity and foresight, his intimate relations with the dominant capitalistic powers, words of distrust and warning coming from him cannot be disregarded, or suspected of having been uttered for the purpose of hiding Macchiavellian schemes involving gigantic stock market operations. Neither is there any reason to hold that Mr. Hill is trying to influence, or to prevent, legislation affecting plans of consolidation, already carried into effect or in process of formation.

Wall street syndicates do not relish the pessimistic outbursts of Mr. Hill. When, some two months ago, he hinted at the probability that business conditions are not what they should, or what they are supposed to be, Wall street set up a big howl and made strenuous efforts to induce him to make a public recantation. Mr. Hill finally consented to add a few qualifying phrases, but evinced no disposition to recant *in toto*. He continued in his attitude of skepticism, and gave his views another airing, when, the other day, he declared that "we are coming to a grave industrial reverse. It is hard to tell just when it will come, but it is approaching. It may come next Presidential year, and the result of it will depend largely upon who is nominated for President. The fact that money was hard last fall was a check on the wild speculation in manufacturing securities, and, no doubt, postponed the reverse which is destined to overtake us. There seems to be too much confidence in the ability of the country to walk right ahead of all other countries in manufacturing. The country can do it, but not without trouble and not without changing its present course. It is indeed a grave crisis we are approaching, although few seem to appreciate it. A few years may see the closing of many factories and the throwing out of work of hundreds of thousands of men. We have been reaping the harvest and the reverse is coming. How quickly we are to recover from it, will depend largely on who is at the head of the country when the break comes."

There is no mistaking these words. They are in strict accord with the Quintillian rule of rhetoric that

words should mean what they say and not be susceptible of varying construction. This being the case, it is difficult to believe that Mr. Hill is, at the present time, in favor of another boom in Wall street, or in harmony with those who believe that the United States has permanently assumed the hegemony among the world's leading commercial nations. The business activity and expansion of the past four years have proved the tremendous resiliency inherent in the economic mechanism of this country. They have proved that our natural resources are phenomenal; that our basic political institutions are sound and solid, and that in ingenuity, enterprise and adaptability Americans are the superiors of the English, Germans or French. But they have not proved that the stupendous consolidations which have been effected have the germ of permanency or are calculated to further the interests and welfare of the masses as a whole.

Our foreign trade has grown enormously. Our imports are at the present time at the highest level ever reached in the history of the country, and our exports are the standing wonder of European politicians and economists. But it would be foolish to assert that we will be able to continue swelling the figures of our foreign trade at the ratio of the past four years. As stated in a previous article, our exports of agricultural products, during the year 1902, were rather disappointing, while our imports, during the same year, increased very materially, compared with the preceding year. Close observers believe that the era of depression in Europe is passing away, and that England and Germany will soon be able to more than hold their own against American competition. In spite of vast industrial development in the last decade, we are still far from controlling the world's markets of manufactured articles. Within a few years, things may have changed so much that we shall deem ourselves fortunate in being able to maintain our grip upon those foreign markets which we have already secured. In regard to this, Mr. Hill says: "It is a wrong impression that we are sweeping all competitors aside. They are sweeping us aside, and why? Because of the high cost of production here. And the high cost of production is due to labor unionism, and the continued strife going on among the nations, as well as between the men and their employers. We can't meet the prices of German and English manufacturers and pay the wages which the unions compel. So long as the tariff is maintained we may hold our own markets, but some day, perhaps, the people in the West—and they represent a majority of the population—will kick over, will demand that the tariff be lowered. This sentiment increases the further West one goes."

These words show plainly that Mr. Hill fully realizes that it is protection which lies at the bottom of American monopolies and inflation, and that it is protection which has created decidedly and dangerously unsound conditions. Does anybody suppose that our multifarious trusts could stand a lowering of tariff duties? It needs but a glance at the size of their capitalization to understand at once that tariff revision or free trade would spell ruin for concerns like the United States Steel Corporation. As long as foreign competitors are kept out of American markets, and as long as trusts are permitted to practice extortion upon the masses at home, while selling at forty per cent lower prices abroad, nothing of a very serious nature may happen, but let the barriers down and you will at once be given a practical demonstration of the artificiality of economic conditions on this side, and the peculiar brand of prosperity the American people are afflicted with.

Protection has been weighed in the balance and been found wanting. It has benefited only the capitalistic class, and proved a boomerang to the masses of consumers. Our monopolists may believe they have

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an everlasting "cinch," a divine right to "bleed" consumers to their hearts' content, and in every conceivable way, and to own those God-given natural resources of wealth the exploitation of which is indispensable in this age of civilization, but, it is safe to say, the time will come, and it is not so far distant, either, when monopolistic rule will be overthrown, wrongs righted, lawful captives delivered, and natural wealth be given back to those to whom it belongs—the people as a whole.

The late Mr. Hewitt was an enthusiastic believer in the future greatness of his country, but he frequently emphasized his fear that, at some time in the future, there would be precipitated a desperate and decisive struggle between capital and labor. It does not seem at all unreasonable to share this fear, and to realize that there will yet be some vital, though, at present, only surmisable, political and economic changes before our's shall really be "a government of the people, by the people and for the people." Rest assured, Mr. Monopolist, that things will not remain what they are at the present time; that you will not be allowed to perpetuate your rule of corruption, favoritism and oppression, and that the people rather than the "communism of self" shall, in the end, work out the glorious and thought-baffling destinies of America.

REFUGE

BY GEORGE IVES.

I HAVE a home of everlasting peace
Which neither chance nor change can take away,
Where earthly cares and persecutions cease
And our dim lanterns are put out by day.

In that great hall the soul's outspreading wings
Shall strike no bars of limit or control,
For Love's domain doth there include all things
And parts are merged into the mighty Whole.

Ocean of space, where waves of aether-blue
Beat noiselessly upon the golden shore,
Surely my spirit shall return to you
And weariness find rest for evermore.

From the Saturday Review.

ART AND EMBLEMS

BY ELIZABETH ROCHELLE.

THE last exhibit of the season is now on the walls of the Museum of Fine Arts, and a more interesting collection has never been shown in St. Louis. There is something in the galleries to please everyone, whether he be artistic in his tastes or not. The entire artistic gamut is covered from poster drawings to Wuerpel landscapes.

A collection of sixty-three designs, from among the four hundred submitted in the contest for World's Fair emblem, is the drawing card. This collection is interesting chiefly because of its intrinsic rottenness. The officials of the Fair offered a prize of \$2,000 for a design that could be used as a show poster, as an emblem to be utilized on souvenir spoons, cuff buttons and in a thousand other ways. The contestants knew, or ought to have known, what was wanted. Designs came from both sides of the Atlantic and out of the entire number sent in, only three were worthy to be considered. One of these was the poster by Mr. Holloway, which was at first said to have carried off the prize, but which was afterward rejected. A hasty glance around the room containing the designs is sufficient to convince any one possessed of the least artistic feeling, that Mr. Holloway's design is the best of the lot. Yet as a World's Fair emblem it is far from ideal.

Its color scheme is not sufficiently striking and with its eleven figures it is entirely too complex. The ideal poster would embody all the symbolism in one figure. This we find in one of the German designs, the one that was accorded second place by the jury of award. The chief objection to this design is that it makes use of the German Eagle, which is a totally different fowl from the one that perches on the American standard. Another design, remarkably good in drawing and in composition, is made ridiculous by the position of two of the figures. One of these figures is probably Columbia, her left hand raised as if she were about to administer a spanking to the other, a small nude boy, who, in the mind of the designer, doubtless represented the future of the newly acquired territory. Most of the posters show plainly that their composers knew absolutely nothing about decorative design. It is difficult to understand why the really good designers of the country did not enter the contest.

Two designs have been added to the collection since it arrived in St. Louis. One of these is a map of the United States, the Louisiana tract covered by the American flag. The other, by F. L. Stoddard, sets forth the importance of the Mississippi. A vigorous young girl, who seems to have been carried up from the depths of the stream, holds in her hand the magic crystal of Napoleon, in which she sees the prophetic date 1904. At her feet are the *fleur de lis* and the shield of France.

The nine large paintings by Edwin Lord Weeks are interesting, both because of their theme and because of their excellent quality as works of art. Very few artists, whose paintings are pictorial and full of detail, have succeeded in putting so much real excellence into their work. With the exception of "The Three Beggars of Cordova," the subjects are all Oriental, many of them elaborations of the sketches with which Mr. Weeks illustrated his book, "From the Black Sea, Through Persia and India," which he set out to illustrate for Theodore Childs, but which he was compelled to both illustrate and write, since the unfortunate Childs found a grave in the desert.

This collection is being shown for the first time in America and will remain in the galleries about two months.

The part of the exhibit that ought to fill every St. Louisian with pride is the collection of forty-one paintings by Edmund H. Wuerpel. We are too prone to go into raptures over the paintings that are sent over from Paris, while we neglect the genius that has grown up in our midst. The public complains that it does not understand Mr. Wuerpel. No more does it understand a Chopin symphony, because the public is frivolous and does not want to be compelled to think and to feel. A morning spent with these Wuerpel landscapes will produce more uplifting of soul than all the sermons of all the preachers in St. Louis. A deep, religious awe pervades most of them. They are not photographic copies of nature, for they embody the soul of the artist, who has idealized nature. Two years ago, Mr. Wuerpel was referred to as "an impressionist gone mad." From his recent work the earmarks of the impressionist have almost wholly disappeared. Nothing is left except the breadth of treatment, the absolute simplicity, and these it would be well for every artist to retain.

The picture called "Sanctuary" is the most remarkable one of the entire collection. At the left in the foreground, rises a mass of shelving rock, lightly covered with moss, a ledge that must retain in its bosom the memory of Creation's dawn. Beyond the clear blue stream lies a low range of hills, cleft in the center, the hollow filled with sheltering trees. In this, one of "God's first temples," there is refuge for every hunted

thing, every grief-laden, sin-sick creature. The "Song of the Marsh" is a large canvas with high horizon line, above which the rifts of amber light break through the somber sky. The entire foreground is a waste of oozy green, broken by the irregular line of the marsh pool. There is no living thing in sight, but the atmosphere is aquiver with voiceless melody.

The largest picture Mr. Wuerpel has ever attempted is the one called "The Hollow," a clump of dark trees towering above a pool that is dotted with sedges, a sapling in thin, autumnal foliage and a young moon. It is a true Wuerpel in tone, composition and feeling. Other pictures there are whose theme is new; but in these three, Mr. Wuerpel is at his best.



SEEKING DEATH

BY CHARLES FOLEY.

LAST week, at the apartments of an intimate friend of mine, I made the acquaintance of Lord Evendal, the English millionaire, and of M. Chamus, the Paris chief of detectives. The host had undoubtedly invited them, thinking that the *blase* nobleman with his hypochondriacal philosophy, and the chief with his reminiscences of a rude, piquant past, and with his love of truth, honesty and loyalty, would speedily become attracted towards each other and prove the star entertainers of the evening. He soon recognized his mistake, however, when he noticed the two men energetically emphasizing the radical difference in their opinions and showing an almost vulgar eagerness to prove the other's views absurd or fallacious. It was delightful to listen to their brilliant arguments and their many singular tales of life and men.

"It is my opinion," I heard Lord Evendal remark, "that you render men a poor, useless service, and that you simply waste your intelligence and energy in trying to protect and preserve their lives. What is the value of life? Nothing."

"Permit me to say," retorted Chamus, promptly, with his eyes firmly fixed on the Englishman's face, "that life is the only good thing which we may be said really to possess, and, I believe, in view of this, that it is our duty to live the days which have been given to us to the rational use of ourselves as well as others."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed his lordship, with a little sneer on his thin lips. "In former times, life may have been worth living, but, in these days, it is a bore and a burden. The refinements and luxuries and excesses of our civilization not only make it easy for us to enjoy all there is to enjoy, and within a very short time, and to lose all our desires and hopes, whether they be few or many, but they have likewise given us a large class of human reptiles, despicable, rat-hearted cads, who find their profits in catering to the silly caprices of the rich and the rakes and the fools, and who are adepts in providing means and methods whereby the experiences of one ill-spent night result in disillusionments sufficient to last us all our life, nay, more, for an eternity. So far as I am concerned, I frankly admit that its very excess has made my wealth extremely repulsive to me, and that at the age of twenty-five I was already so surfeited and disgusted that I had only one wish—to die, and only one curiosity left—to know death."

"There are various modes of suicide," said Chamus, ironically. "All you have to do is to make your choice. Poisoning, shooting and hanging seem to be the most popular methods of getting rid of life."

"I used to be very religious," continued the Englishman, who seemed to be absorbed in his thoughts and not disposed to give a direct answer to his interlocutor. "Besides, my mother, who, I think, possessed re-

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markable powers of psychological insight, had some sort of foreknowledge that spleen would be the principal ingredient of my nature later in life, and made me promise solemnly that I would never commit self-slaughter. As I considered it a facile matter to court death with success in many other ways, she had no difficulty in exacting that oath from me. However, it's very hard for a man like me to find death. As soon as parents, relatives, friends and parasites suspected my disposition to seek death, they developed infinite ingenuity in their careful surveillance of my actions."

"You are telling me fairy-tales," interposed Chamus. "You need not try to make me believe that a man like you, anxious to die, cannot find thousands of opportunities to gratify his desire."

"What I tell you is absolutely true, however," replied his lordship. "I have assumed all kinds of risks, faced all kinds of dangers, at home and abroad. With impunity have I traveled through India and Beluchistan and sought the society of some of the wildest tribes of Asiatics. I have climbed mountains that had been considered inaccessible, and came down from the utmost top, feeling none the worse for the unaccustomed experiences, while my poor guides had perished among the glaciers. Twice I allowed myself to be taken by savage brigands, who, as my usually bad luck would have it, treated me very politely, enjoyed my jokes, gave me bundles of cigarettes, and did everything they could to make me comfortable until thoughtless relatives had handed over the ransom of five thousand pounds sterling. I even made an aerial trip in a balloon, without the least interesting mishap. Hundreds of times have I crossed the Atlantic. Twice I crossed the darkest sections of Central Africa, without ever seeing a lion or a crocodile. I was just preparing to go to South Africa, when the news came that the peace treaty had been signed. And now you see me here, in perfect health, yet still longing for death. I have about despaired of ever being able to find it."

"And, yet, that is the only thing that we may always be sure of finding," said Chamus, with a tinge of raillery in his voice. "However, to speak seriously, if it is your supreme desire to be rid of existence, why did you never look for your opportunity in our centers of civilization, rather than in deserts, or mountains, or

on oceans? Our large cities abound in places where the hunger for bread has made men more ferocious and bloodthirsty even than lions, wolves and tigers. I know whereof I speak, because for forty years I have hunted these men-beasts."

"I forgot to add, a while ago, that I have also braved all the risks of your metropolitan cities," resumed Lord Evendal. "I have cultivated the most dangerous sports. Never did I receive as much as a scratch in fencing. In innumerable boat races did I participate, without ever incurring any real danger. Once I fought a duel. My inexperience being astoundingly great, my adversary conceived the ludicrous idea that I was merely planning a ruse, and, being made nervous thereby, he practically hurled himself into my rapier. Thereafter I had such a reputation as most expert swordsman that no fellow could be found willing to venture into a duel with me. Many times have I traversed the Opera Square, from the twentieth of December till the fifth of January, and at no time was I ever in danger of being run over by a carriage or automobile."

"Perhaps you have been too maladroit in your quest of death," said Chamus, with a skeptical smile. "Or, perhaps, not very sincere."

"Be careful, sir," exclaimed the now indignant Englishman. "I will brook no insults of this kind!"

Both had risen from their chairs and stood face to face.

"Well," finally remarked Chamus, "if you are seeking death, and yet unwilling to commit suicide, I am willing to give you a good recipe."

"Let me have it. I will pay any price you may name," broke in his lordship, excitedly.

"It won't cost you more than a few shillings," calmly replied Chamus.

"Let me have your recipe this evening!"

"All right! It is now half past eleven. You are still in time. Take the suburban train, and alight at Grenelle. There, promenade up and down along the fortifications. If you are still in this world, after passing the Maison-Blanche, I shall not hesitate to apologize to you in the presence of these gentlemen."

"I understand," said Lord Evendal, "and to assure success, I will fill my pockets with gold, so as to ex-cite the cupidity of your men-beasts."

Chamus replied, coldly: "I would not advise you

to do this, for a too large sum might induce them to practise their skill more frequently on peaceable, honest citizens, who are not yet willing to quit the game of life. The best thing you can do is to pay them the amount you think your life is worth, neither more nor less. In that way, you will not wrong your expectant heirs."

At hearing these almost brutally frank words, his lordship bit his lower lip and a deadly pallor over-spread his determined-looking face, but he soon re-gained his usual composure.

With a queer, little smile, he seized Chamus' hand, shook it vigorously, and said: "I thank you very much. If all men were like you, I would not abhor life so much as I do. I will strictly follow your ad-vice, and leave in my pockets nothing but the sum representing the value of my life. Good-bye!"

The rest of the evening passed pleasantly, but the conversation between Chamus and the Englishman re-mained the topic of discussion until the minute of sep-aration.

I had almost forgotten the thing, when, some hours later, I opened the morning journal, and read this extraordinary item:

"This morning, at dawn, between the stations of Grenelle and Vaugirard, a police patrol found the dead body of a man next to the line of fortifications. The terrible lasso, which had strangled him, and the use of which the Malakoff Apaches have learned from their American friends, was still encircling his neck. The dead man was elegantly dressed. There was no trouble in identifying him, for in his shoes was found a note, signed Lord Evendal, and couched in the fol-lowing strange words:

"In putting me into this world, God played me a shabby trick. The occasion has at last offered itself to pay Him back in kind. They will kill, but not rob me, for I have given to the coachman who brought me to the station all the money and valuables I carried with me, except six shillings, the price of my second-class ticket to Grenelle. M. Chamus can thus see that I placed still less value on my life than he did. My murderers (and may this trick of mine persuade them to give up their bloody vocation) will take my life for the exact price it is worth—nothing."

Adapted from the French for the Mirror by Francis A. House.

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NEW BOOKS

D. Appleton & Co., New York, are the publishers of "A Whaler's Wife," by Frank T. Bullen, a well-known fiction authority on matters connected with whale fishing. It is a somewhat overdrawn story of love, intrigue and adventure which this volume unfolds to us, and one which should prove a source of delight to a certain and very numerous class of fiction readers. The heroine, *Priscilla*, is a girl whom high-strung hopes and romantic notions have induced to turn a deaf ear to the wooing of an honest lad, *Reuben*, and to marry a dudish sort of a man, who is captain of a whaleboat. She soon discovers the awful mistake she has made. Her husband turns out to be a coarse-natured, bad-tempered man, who tyrannizes his wife as well as his sailors. *Priscilla* patiently submits to her fate and seeks consolation in prayer and in memories of a happy youth. At last, however, comes the hour of deliverance. *Reuben*, the faithful lover, arrives opportunely and saves her and her dying husband from an awful fate awaiting them at the hands of savages. Of course, the end of the story finds the lovers united and the bad husband speeded to the Happy Fishing Grounds of Eternity. There are episodes in this book the description of which is sufficiently thrilling and vivid to satisfy the spirit of the most jaded fiction fiend. The book contains various illustrations.

George Francis Willey is the author of "Solitaire," a romance of the White Mountain range of New Hampshire. Interwoven with this story is a legend of the mountains growing out of the tragic "Willey slide." Of course, love plays a prominent rôle, the author having successfully contrived to lend it all an air of probability. The volume is neatly illustrated. Published by New Hampshire Publishing Corporation, Manchester, N. H.

A volume of verses that well deserves reading is "The Morning Road," published by the Blue Sky Press, Chicago. Thos. Wood Stevens and Alden Charles Noble are the authors. Certain of the verses are reprints from various publications in which they originally appeared. It is poetry of more than ordinary merit that greets us from these pages. We cannot refrain from reproducing the following lines from the "Lyrics":

"The love of the breast that bare me
Hath kept your worship pure,
Though hapless the hopes that dare me,
Though terrible lips allure,
Though alien gods ensnare me—
The lift of the song is sure;
Like the floss of the silver cob-web
On the bars of a prison-still,
I have felt the silk of your heart-strings
Round the iron of my will."

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thing about it that will no doubt assure it of a certain degree of popularity. Rand, McNally & Co., New York and Chicago, are the publishers.

The March number of the *Smart Set* has the usual well-selected spread of excellent *contes*, charming verse, critical and satirical essays and sketches and witty sayings and epigrams. Among the contributors are Florence Warden, Harrison S. Morris, Richard Le Gallienne, John Regnault Elyson, Theodore Roberts, Theodosia Garrison, Elizabeth Coolidge, Willis Leonard Clanahan, Françoise Coppée and Felix Carmen. Published by Ess Ess Publishing Co., 452 Fifth Ave., New York.

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"I have made the subject of the speaking voice a close and serious study for several years, and, having lived in France, Italy, England and Ireland, have had full opportunity of contrasting the voices of the people of these countries with those of the American people—and it has struck me as strange that notwithstanding the efforts of ambitious parents to give their children every possible accomplishment, the importance and the advantage of a cultured and refined speaking voice are not entirely recognized.

"In the whole range of linguistic studies, the intonation is as much a part of a language as the accent, or the grammar itself.

"In England, people are relegated to the social class to which they belong by their mode of speech, and that, too, as much by the intonation as by their accent, for one may possess a fair accent and a good pronunciation and yet lack a certain delicacy of inflection which is the letter patent to refinement and cultivation. But in America there is little difference between the mode of speech in the university man and the uncultured citizen, the mistress and her maid, the delicately nurtured child of wealth and the child of the people.

"A gathering of young people in New York is always a source of surprise to a foreigner—as to the necessity for the shrill metallic tones which prevail. So many young people speak too loud and pitch the voice so high that all possibility of a graceful cadence is lost.

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IDEALISTIC WOMAN

To the Editor of the Mirror:

Will you print a defense of the American woman at the expense of the American man?

One hears so much these days of the density and folly of the American girl's infatuation for foreigners and their titles that one is forced to wonder if there is not some cause for it other than her love for notoriety—a cause that lies nearer the basic principles of human nature. I think there is.

No matter what evolutionists or revolutionaries may say of our race in its infancy, and no matter what we may become through the developmental processes of which this life is the theater, it is a fact that we are all idolaters in early life. All men and all women in the days of their youth, either consciously or unconsciously, bow down before something, tangible or intangible, of this earth.

With men of the present day, all idolatries may be summed under the one head, success; with women the one idol is, always has been and always will be, Man.

Women are by nature idealists, and no young woman is truly happy till she has found, or thinks she has found, a man who embodies all that she can conceive of worth and greatness, one before whom she can pour out her soul in adoration. We are dealing now with the disillusionment that comes to all men and women in the course of life; that constitutes the sum and substance of all human tragedy as well as the basis for all upward development. We are looking now only at the facts of life as they meet us in youth.

If these facts are true, what is the source of the foreign nobleman's fascination for the young American woman? It is his inordinate estimate of himself.

No matter how mentally, morally and physically weak the scion of nobility may be, nor how lacking in all the positive forces that go to make up true manhood, he believes himself to be the embodiment of all greatness, the impersonation of all the qualities of head, hand and heart that have in past generations elevated his progenitors above the common herd; he invests himself with all the brains, courage, gallantry and romance which his dependents attribute to him; in a word, he believes *himself* the highest product of nature and civilization, the consummation of human perfection. He may be sordid enough to sell his title for money, but he never for a moment estimates the money above the title, much less above himself; it is only an adjunct only as it contributes to and valuable only as it contributes to himself.

Now, how is it with the American man? Does he not choose from among all the gods that go to make up our modern Baalim the one marked Money? Does he not estimate all things of this life, and, so far as he is able, of the life to come, by the money standard? Nay, does he not value himself by his ability to extract dollars from the pockets of his fellow men? He does; and he is reaping his reward in the contempt of the American woman.

It will be said that the American wo-

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man loves money just as well as the American man. She does; but in an entirely different way. He loves it as an end in itself and pursues it as something superior to himself, the possession of which adds quality and distinction to him. A woman loves it simply as a means to an end, a something with which to buy happiness; that is why women are so disregardful of even the rightful value of money.

Now, when the American girl sees her father and brothers neglecting higher faculties and doubling themselves to earth in the chase after wealth, she naturally considers them what they make themselves to be—mere money grubbers; and, when she finds the opportunity, to use their hard-earned dollars to buy herself a place among a higher order of people, she feels that she is perfectly right in doing so.

And we have no right to quarrel with her about it; she is simply following nature's law for the preservation of the higher type.

It is beside the question to say that in all this the girl is woefully wrong; that the titled foreigner is really a pusillanimous cur, who will make her life miserable, while American Jack is the finest type of manhood on earth and the best husband ever known. We are speaking now of the matter as it presents itself to the young woman, and she, alas! always takes men at their own valuation. If she considers the lordling a hero of romantic interest, it is because he so considers himself; and if she looks upon Jack as nothing but a drudge, it is because he regards himself as such.

Another thing, Jack—dear American Jack—has come to regard a nursery as too expensive a luxury for him. Not that he grudges the money it costs, oh, no; for Jack is not niggardly with his money, whatever else he may be. But he knows that if children come to him, he is in nature bound to love them, and love engenders anxiety, and anxiety, as everyone knows, is a terrible handicap in "business." Therefore Jack eschews a nursery.

Now, the American woman is a born mother, however much she may deny it

to herself or others. Deep down in her heart, under all layers of ambition, selfishness and vanity, is the love of children. She knows that if she marries the titled man, there will be children; for there must be heirs, you know. Add to this that her children will be little lords and ladies, enveloped in the sacred aura of nobility, and you have a powerful temptation for the American young woman.

Now, in the language of Jack, "What are we going to do about it?" Well, I for one, don't know, unless Jack himself will agree to do something, and that is to "let up" on business long enough to give himself time to grow and develop in other directions. He would be amazingly surprised and gratified if he could once get a glimpse into the possibilities dormant in his own nature.

But, unfortunately, Jack is less concerned about these matters than anybody; he is perfectly satisfied with life in his bachelor quarters and his club; and if he desires female society, it is always awaiting him in the green-room or in a round of society functions. It does not matter to him that scores and hundreds of the finest young women in the country, the class who, as wives, would make life worth while to their husbands, are remaining unmarried because, as they themselves say, the kind of man they would marry does not come their way.

When all is said, it must be admitted that we are in the midst of a great social muddle, the meaning of which no man knows, except that it portends a sociological change; whether it be one of development or of retrogression, the wisest of us cannot say.

But we can, and should, desist from

blaming the American woman for seeking her own happiness with the same blind stupidity that the American man exhibits in the pursuit of his. Rather let us feel that, in sending back to the old world such rich treasures of vitality and dollars, we are but returning what was borrowed by our continent in its development.

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SOCIETY

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.

Mr. and Mrs. Cullen Battle and sister, Miss Pugh, leave for California Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. James L. Blair, with their son, Mr. Percy Blair, left last week for New York, for a short stay.

Mrs. Weems, of Quincy, Ill., is spending some time in St. Louis, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Luyties.

Mrs. Louise Lesson is spending some weeks in St. Louis, the guest of Mrs. George R. Wall, of Clemens avenue.

Mr. Arthur A. Peterson of the Mobile & Ohio R. R., left, last Friday, for New Orleans, to attend the Mardi Gras festivities.

Mr. and Mrs. Duthiel Cabanne, who left, some time ago, for the South, are sojourning in Pass Christian for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Irwin Donovan have returned from their bridal tour and a sojourn of several weeks at Eureka Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Gerhart have gone to New Orleans to attend Mardi Gras, and afterwards visit other Southern points.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas W. Crouch, of Delmar boulevard, left, a few days ago, for New York, where they are spending some time.

Mrs. Celeste Pim, of Washington boulevard, will leave soon for the South, where she will spend some weeks until warmer weather.

Miss Cecil Hough, who will marry Mr. Berkley Jones, in a short time, went on to New York, last week, accompanied by Miss Louie Brown.

Mrs. Martin Lammert gave a delightful entertainment, on Monday afternoon, when a large number of ladies enjoyed the pleasures prepared.

Miss Jane Helm, of Kentucky, is spending some time in St. Louis with her cousins, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. McRee, Rosalie McRee's bridesmaids, last Saturday.

Miss Mary Slattery, who came on to attend her sister's wedding, last week, will leave in a few days for Atlantic City, where she has been keeping house for some months.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Orthwein are entertaining their two cousins, Misses Estelle and Lena Wheatley, who have been a great deal feted and entertained for the past few weeks.

Miss Arbuckle, of Clemens avenue, has gone to New Orleans, La., for the Mardi Gras gaieties, and will spend a week with friends upon a sugar plantation before returning to St. Louis.

A theater party to see Henry Miller, then a supper at Faust's, was given, on Monday evening, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Hollis Averill, who have lately returned home from their bridal tour.

Miss Margaret Hammet left, last week, with a party of friends for New Orleans, La., to attend Mardi Gras. The party

included Mesdames Leggatt, H. E. Farrell, William S. Hervey and Miss Lily Coale.

Miss Adele Armstrong, who has been, for several weeks past, in New York City, visiting her aunt, Mrs. Harvey Miller, is being entertained with a continuous round of pretty affairs given in her honor.

A beautiful event of Monday afternoon was the large euchre given at the Cabanne Club by Mrs. Abe Lewis, who entertained a large number of ladies with the popular game. Handsome prizes were awarded to the winners.

Mrs. Malcom Robb sent out cards, a few days ago, for a musicale and recital, which will be given in honor of Miss Estelle Shirley, of California, on Saturday evening, February 28, at Mrs. Robb's residence, 4023 West Pine.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Nugent, of Maple avenue, sent out cards, last week, for a musicale, which they will give to-morrow evening at their home, assisted by a number of well known local musicians. This is the second of the two affairs, the first, having taken place on Tuesday evening, proving a great success.

Miss Adele Trorlicht and Mr. Ferdinand Hauck announced to their friends their engagement, last week. The announcement being made last Wednesday at the home of the mother of the bride, Mrs. J. H. Trorlicht, on Lafayette avenue. The wedding will be a large and fashionable Easter event.

Mrs. J. C. Van Blarcom entertained a few friends last week with a dinner in honor of Mrs. Bettie Willy Newman, of Nashville, Tenn., who has lately come here to reside. The repast was served in courses and proved very delightful, wit and repartee adding a sauce piquante. Mrs. D. M. Houser and Mrs. Hyster Clymer were among the ladies present. After the dinner the guests occupied Mrs. Van Blarcom's box at the Union Musical concert.

The paintings of Mrs. Willie Betty Newman, of Paris, a well-known artiste of considerable fame, will be exhibited to private view, at Strauss' Studio, Grand and Franklin avenues, Saturday evening at eight o'clock. The exhibition will continue till the 14th of March. Invitations have been sent out. The exhibition will be under the auspices of Mesdames James L. Blair, J. Finney How, Halsey C. Ives, Estelle McHenry and Jacob C. Van Blarcom. It promises to be a notable event in the local world of art and art-lovers.

An engagement whose announcement has been a very pleasant surprise in St. Louis society, was that of Miss Edith Nugent, of New York, a niece of Mr. and Mrs. Dan Nugent, of Westminster place, with whom she spent several weeks last winter, and was a great deal admired and entertained. The fortunate young man is Mr. Will F. Scott, who is being envied greatly by his friends, as well as being showered with congratulations. No date has been set for the wedding, but it will take place some time after Easter in Brooklyn.

The most fashionable event of the past week was the marriage, on Saturday, of Miss Rosalie M'Ree and Mr. Tankerville J. Drew, which took place at eleven o'clock, at St. Francis Xavier's Church, Rev. Father Grimmelman serving nuptial High Mass. During the mass, Schubert's Serenade was softly rendered by the choir, and was followed by an Ave Maria, sung by Mesdames Dumont Jones and Charles Clark. The bride, a beautiful girl, came in with her father, Mr. W. G. M'Ree, who gave her away. Miss Mary M'Ree was maid of honor for her sister. The bridesmaids were Misses Julia Knapp, Eugenia M'Blair, Jane Helm, of Louisville, Ky., Mary Ann Drew and Emily Wickham. Mr. Drew had for his best man Mr. George Drew. The ushers and groomsmen were Messrs. Harold Kauffman, Griffith M'Ree, Julius Walsh, Philip Scanlan and George Simmons. The young bride wore white chiffon and panne satin velvet, over which fell the bridal veil of white tulle held in place

The Mirror

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Equipoise and Double Ve Waists

For women—in models to suit every type of figure.

Ferris—medium length, white and drab, buttoned front, \$1. Same in nursing waist, \$1.

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Double Ve—extra fine quality sateen, taped buttons in front, laced back, \$1.50.

Maternity—Ferris Waist of fine sateen, laced at sides and hips, \$2.

Equipoise—there are several improvements in this famous waist—the straight front idea has been introduced, the bust has been lowered, and there is a slight improvement in the method of boning—one style is cut with very low neck.

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with a coronet of lilies of the valley, a bouquet of which completed the toilette. After the ceremony the bridal party returned to the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. M'Ree, on Cabanne avenue, where a bridal breakfast was served, followed by a reception, after which the bride and groom left for a honeymoon tour South. Upon their return they will reside on Maryland avenue, where Mr. F. A. Drew, the father of the groom, has presented them with a beautiful home.



"Oh, James!" exclaimed the proud mother as her husband came wearily up the front steps, "baby is beginning to walk."

"Good!" ejaculated the midnight martyr. Now he can do his own floor walking at night, and, dear, that he may be perfectly comfortable, we'll buy him the kind of shoes most conducive to comfort, the sort sold by Swope." Swope's shoes, for old and young of both sexes, are best in fit, finish and durability. Swope's is at 311 North Broadway, St. Louis, U. S. A.



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THEATRICALS

OLYMPIC.

All hail and honor to Mr. Henry Miller, for he has given us the play of this season that is unqualifiedly good and bright, good in the commonly-accepted, if old-fashioned sense, bright in a way that is wholesomely clean and clever. "The Taming of Helen," as produced at the Olympic this week, is calculated to make one wonder why modern playwrights are so prone to run after strange gods, and to produce plays of the "Iris" and "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" type, plays which are neither true to life, nor art, and which abound in characters with whom decent people do not care to associate in daily life, when it should be such an easy thing for them to favor us with dramas that increase our respect for ourselves and others and do no violence to none of the proprieties characterizing social intercourse. It is often said that modern audiences like morally exotic, or, to speak more plainly, "rotten" plays. This, however, must be a rank calumny. The theater-going public still prefers the clean and the good on the stage. This is convincingly proved

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The Mirror

by the enthusiastic applause which rewards Mr. Henry Miller and his excellent company every night. If there is a deterioration in public taste, it is only seemingly so. The bad plays are tolerated, not liked. They are imposed upon a patient public, not asked for by it. If there were more plays of the kind with which Mr. Miller is now delighting St. Louisans, true art would receive a mighty stimulus, and misguided playwrights a different conception of public taste and demand.

"The Taming of Helen" is full of humor and pathos of the good, sensible kind. The leading characters in it are untarnished in reputation, of decent, even lofty, ideas and ambitions. It is sound-hearted, likable, trustworthy men and women which speak to us from across the footlights. The occasional epigrams one hears do neither sear, nor sting. There is no caressingly approving reference to vice as "smartness," nor is there any disposition displayed to consider virtue as something that is pre-eminently a Divine attribute and unreachably above human aspiration.

Philip Carroll, the hero of the play, is an honest, ambitious young American, who, after a long period of weary, trying waiting and innumerable hardships, finally succeeds in having his play produced at one of the London theaters, after the proprietorship of the theater has been secured by a millionaire heiress, *Helen Cabot*, an American girl-friend of the playwright, whom the latter is deeply in love with and finally marries, after experiencing some of the normal anxieties and troubles of all lovers. Among *Carroll's* friends are *Captain Reginald Herbert*, a part cleverly essayed by Mr. Morten Selten, and *Marion Cavendish*, "of the Leading West End Theaters" of London, which two have *une affaire du coeur* of their own, and, incidentally, do their share towards bringing the two American lovers together.

Mr. Miller, as *Philip Carroll*, is in his very element. His impersonation of the somewhat happy-go-lucky American, with his quiet, irresistible humor, his loyalty to, and reverence for, the obligations of love and of friendship, is absolutely flawless, well rounded, well studied. It is an impersonation that reveals the art of Mr. Miller at its very best, and that makes one express the wish that this so talented actor might find it convenient to return to St. Louis every season.

The *Marion Cavendish* of Miss Jessie Millward is an exquisite portrayal of a character that is exceedingly winsome and lovable. Miss Millward is, in name as well as in fact, Mr. Miller's "leading lady." It is seldom that one is given the opportunity to witness such an admirable characterization. Miss Millward is in a fair way to secure one of the warmest spots in the hearts of art-loving theater-goers in St. Louis. It does one's heart and eye good just to see her smile lovingly at *Reggie* and to fit with nimble gracefulness across the stage.

The *Helen Cabot* of Miss Grace Elliston, and the *Mrs. Evian* of Miss De Wolfe deserve special and unstinted praise. Miss Elliston proves herself a dangerous rival to Miss Millward in

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The very large volume of business which this department does is due, not so much to the fact that our prices are always lowest, as it is to that item of paramount importance in perfect prescriptions—that of purity and freshness of ingredients. We buy direct and use in this department drugs and pharmaceuticals from SCHIEFFELIN & CO. WYETH & BRO. M'KESSON & ROBBINS. PARK, DAVIS & CO.

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Pears' Unscented Soap— Regular price 15c cake— cut to.....	10c	8c
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Genuine Castile Soap— Absolutely pure—one- half pound cut..... 2 for 15c.	8c	
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Three cakes
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Scott's Emulsion, reg. 50c.....	39c	
Bull's Cough Syrup, reg. 25c.....	20c	
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Sanury for the Kidneys.....	83c	
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This popular department has just received and placed on sale a number of new and dainty odors from LE GRAND Violet, Roger & Gallet and an especially selected shipment from		
Houbigant's Perfume Ideal, original package.....	\$3.25	
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gaining the audience's sympathies and approval.

Scenic effects in the second act are superb. Taken altogether, this week's attraction at the Olympic is one that invites the endorsement of the discriminative class of lovers of histrionic art and that one cares to see not only a second, but a third and fourth and fifth time.



CENTURY.

"The Prince of Pilsen" is again at the Century, and repeating its success of a few weeks ago. It is the thing which appeals strongly to admirers of musical farces. It is jingly, giddy and girly. There is not a single dull moment in the performance. Everything comes off smoothly. The songs are sung, skirts swished and trim ankles flashed, skirts hitch or hindrance. It is, indeed, a "princely" performance.



COMING ATTRACTIONS

Mr. James O'Neill will come to the Century Sunday evening, when he will present one of Hall Caine's most talked-of productions, "The Manxman." Mr.

O'Neill will essay the leading role, that of "Pete" Quilliam. So great a favorite is Mr. O'Neill among St. Louis theatergoers, it were superfluous to extol his superior histrionic abilities. Doubtless he will be accorded a hearty reception.



"Sally In Our Alley," another of the George W. Lederer successful musical "galettes," will appear at the Olympic next Sunday. Everything connected with this "Sally" is brilliant and melodious. This heroine is a New York girl of today who lives on the East Side, or poorer section of Gotham. She is pretty, vivacious and unconventional, and has, somehow, been given the nickname from which the piece has taken its title. Her father, "Izzy," keeps a shop where you can buy and sell anything and everything, and in and out of which place troop the various characters from the Bowery, or Fifth avenue, who are concerned in the plot, and incidentally add plenty of "local color" to the stage scenes. In this particular place the fashionable contingent of the cast, headed by Mrs. Marigold of the "smart set," are after a green silk dress which Mrs. Marigold gave to her maid, who sold it to the second-hand dealer, who in turn gave it to his pretty daughter, Sally, as a present. In the pocket are some love letters which the discreet matron would not have anyone

read for the world. There are two acts and ever so many scenes. There are over one hundred people in the company, the most prominent being Junie McCree, Richard F. Carroll, George Schiller, Frank Farrington, Harry Fairleigh, Trixie Friganza, Margaret Marston, Catherine Lewis, Caroline Heustis and Tessie Mooney.



The Misses Ottyle and Juliette Sondheim, of this city, who have perfected themselves and achieved success abroad as players on two pianos, have returned to their home town, and give their first local duo recital in the Odeon, on the evening of Thursday, March 12. The young ladies were abroad for nearly eight years, during nearly all that time at study with the best masters of Germany and France, and wherever they have recently appeared in public the strongest praise of prominent critics has been bestowed upon them. At a recent recital in Mendelssohn Hall, New York, where they made their American debut, the press spoke with fine fairness of the effort of the young ladies. Their repertoire consists of all the known duo numbers in pianistic literature and a great many solos arranged in duo form. On a recent occasion they performed on two instruments the Duprosse Variations, a concerto by Bach,

and shorter pieces by Brull, Philippis, Carl Thern, Henselt (Si Oiseau J'Etais) and Saint Saens. As composers of programmes, the Misses Sondheim have often shown their skill, and this reflects the possession by them of a very wide knowledge of contemporaneous piano music. It is needless to say, in this connection, that the many St. Louis friends of the young ladies and their family are already actively interested in the project of making their home-debut a social success. The Odeon lends itself particularly well to this sort of function and the indications are that its seating capacity will be tested to the limit.



Charlotte Birch-Pfeiffer's four-act comedy, "Steffen Langer aus Glogau," presented here, for the first time, Sunday, by the Germania Stock Company, was well received. That Mr. Hans Loebel has made a host of friends among the Fourteenth Street Theater patrons was amply attested by the large audience that attended his benefit Wednesday evening. Leon Treptow's "Unser Liebling" was the offering. The songs and dances were especially delectable. Sunday evening, the first, "Alt Heidelberg," by Meier and Foerster, will be presented. Wednesday, the fourth, "Zwischen Zwei Herzen" will be the offering. Miss

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You have heard that expression many times, for we carry drugs and remedies that the ordinary druggist scarcely even knows of. We now have the most convenient location in St. Louis. Our prices are the most reasonable—so "Judge & Dolph's New Drug Store, 515 Olive Street, is the place to get it."

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To our many friends, who have been patiently waiting for our opening day, we regret to state it will be impossible to open our doors to-morrow as we intended. The delay in the arrival of some goods compels us to make this announcement, and beg the indulgence of the public one week longer, until Monday, March 2d. On that day we will positively be ready to show the **BEST VALUES**, the **BEST ARRANGED STOCK**, give the best treatment and **GUARANTEE SATISFACTION**. Our goods will all be marked in plain figures. All are welcome to look through and make themselves at home.

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616-618 WASHINGTON AVENUE.

Will Open for Business March 2d.

Agnes Waldmann will be tendered a benefit that evening.

The performers at the Standard Theater, this week, the "Bohemian Burlesques," present an unusually entertaining programme. Pretty girls, who know how to sing and dance with the proper vivacity and spirit, contribute to the enjoyment not a little; while, in the olio, two little pickaninnies contrive to keep the audience in jovial good humor. The circus, one of the best acts on the bill, made a "hit." Altogether, the show is one of the most enjoyable seen at this playhouse this season. Next attraction, "Jolly Grass Widows."



MUSIC

OPHEUS IN FLOUNCES AND FURBELOWS.

The "Chevalier de Gluck's" archaic opera, "Orpheus and Euridice," presented in cantata form by the Choral Symphony Society last week, proved to be but poor pabulum, from the standpoint of the majority of the society's subscribers, and had not Madame Louise Homer come to the rescue and saved the day by her superb interpretation of the leading rôle, the concert would have been a rather sorry affair.

Gluck, to-day, is for the musician, not for the layman. The twentieth century

music patron, accustomed to the mighty tone massing of Wagner, and the flamboyancy of the neo-Italian composers, finds the classic simplicity of the eighteenth century music drama tame and void of interest. The musician who harks back, and judges Gluck's work by the conditions prevailing at its time of writing, finds the score of "Orpheus and Euridice" wholly admirable, and exquisitely beautiful. It is like unto a Greek statue in its chaste outline and its calm dignity. Gluck's method was reposeful, his pure musical thought is expressed with deliberation, but with absolute clarity and simple beauty. The superficial hearer completely fails to realize this. He experiences only a feeling of restlessness at what he terms the monotony, the tenuity, of Gluck's measures. When the work in question was last presented here, many years ago—fifteen or twenty, maybe—with most elaborate scenic accessories, gorgeous ballet, a great dramatic singer—Helene Hastreiter—as *Orpheus*, and Theodore Thomas waving the baton, it was principally as a spectacle that it attracted attention—the great *Orpheus* and his greater lyre (in the shape of the Thomas orchestra) passed comparatively unnoticed.

Therefore, more credit to Louise Homer, who interested her audience whenever she sang, and in the two great arias enthused her hearers as has no other singer who appeared here this season. A more consistent, significant, and finished performance than that given by Madame Homer, can scarcely be imagined. This *Orpheus*, deprived of extraneous aids in the way of costuming and picturesque environment, still succeeded in creating, by her art and the gifts that nature has lavished upon her, an illusion of verity, which was sustained throughout the performance of the work. She at once inspired pity for the sorrowing bard and guided the imagination of her auditors with *Orpheus* into the underworld in his quest for *Euridice*. The grief and lamentation at the tomb was portrayed in sombre tone, with dignified accents of dramatic intensity; the recitation and aria following, in which *Orpheus* bids a truce to mourning and goes on his quest, was tonally and dramatically in fine contrast. The famous aria near the close, "I have lost my *Euridice*," was given with infinite pathos and rare beauty of tone.

As an exposition of musicianship and vocal art alone, however, Madame

After the theater, before the matinee or when down town shopping, the

Ladies' Restaurant

OF THE St. Nicholas Hotel

has been found to commend itself to ladies for the quiet elegance of its appointments, its superior cuisine and service and refined patronage.

Homer's work was a valuable lesson to ambitious vocalists. In her reading of the score, not a sentence was slurred over—the punctuation was precise, the phrasing broad and the effects purely legitimate. Her vocal puissance was never proclaimed at the expense of good taste. Discretion and tact at all times marked the use of this contralto's beautiful voice. A 'cello-like quality of tone, and a use of the *legato* that even more forcibly suggests this instrument, added to the charm and distinction of Madame Homer's work.

At this concert the conventionally-garbed chorus had some difficulty in convincing, as either sympathetic Greeks, or obdurate Furies, but, nevertheless, did some well-balanced accurate singing. Mrs. Davis, in the small part of *Euridice*, sang sweetly, and Miss Sutter was

heard sometimes to advantage in the smaller part of *Amor*.

The orchestra did some good work in the instrumental numbers, but alternately dragged and hurried the *tempo* in the accompaniments to the contralto's solos.

To the grumbling subscriber: highly seasoned meats as a steady diet are unwholesome—vegetable purity is sometimes a salubrious change.

Pierre Marteau.

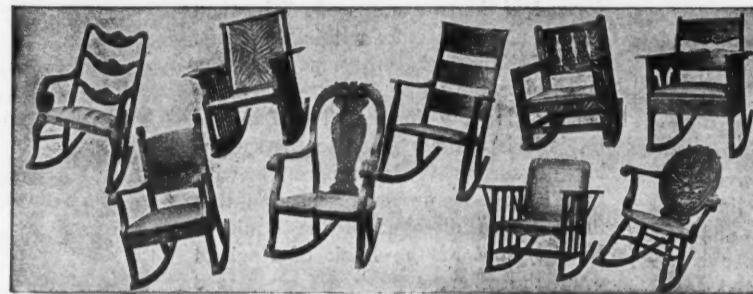
ELLERY'S BAND.

Mr. Channing Ellery has brought back his Royal Italian Band to us, and practically the same in personnel as it was in May last. Only in leadership has it changed, and changed for the better, as no one who has listened to the two concerts given Sunday will dare to deny. The band, under the able direction of Signor Emilio Rivelà, has made giant strides forward in precision and brilliancy of execution. The present series of concerts is given in Music Hall. No lover of good music can afford to miss them.

MILITARY HUSBANDS

Commenting on the paragraph in General Corbin's recent report discouraging early and improvident marriages among subalterns in the army, which has been widely discussed in the papers all over the country, a writer in *New York Town Topics* remarks: "In no other walk of life is it so true that 'a young man married is a young man marred.' The life of an officer, in field or in garrison, on leave or on detached detail, is the life of a gentleman. The second lieutenant has his social obligations, just as has the general. There are demands made upon him that can not be counted in living expenses. He must do his share, and, unless he has a private income, he has, with only himself to care for, all he can do to keep out of debt. In fact, there are very few second lieutenants who are not paying for 'dead horses' most of the time. His first duty to his country is to provide himself with uniforms. His credit is excellent; as he starts in without a cent of ready money he can go to the best military tailors and order field, fatigue, and dress uniforms, cape, overcoat, hats, caps, and the whole paraphernalia, because his government is his backer; and if, after a reasonable length of time, the debt is not liquidated, his honor suffers. His income is one hundred and sixteen dollars and some cents a month, if he is in the infantry, and eight dollars more a month if he is in the cavalry—the eight dollars being for the keep of his horse. His mess bills, at the lowest rate, are one dollar a day. His 'striker' (a soldier who attends to his personal wants) is another ten dollars a month. There are incidental expenses that can not be gauged or counted, and, with an installment wardrobe—so much a month for several hundred dollars' worth of clothes—there is not much left for the girl who has entered the army as his wife, and who has elected to live in the atmosphere or romance, born of the glitter and glare of brass buttons. She will get woefully tired of brass-button romance as her shoes give out at the toes and her frock slits into ribbons. She will not appreciate the fact, either, that some of her husband's pay, in all honor, should be added to the 'pool' frequently made up for entertaining and for other expenses that it is customary for the officers to share. She will not appreciate this 'honor' to outsiders, neither will the poor little

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The Prince of Pilsen.
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THIS WEEK.
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The Taming of Helen.
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NEXT SUNDAY.
Geo. W. Lederer's Musical Frivolity
Sally in Our Alley.
Reserved seats Thurs.

second lieutenant have the money to do his part. He will gradually drop out of all social life and sneak around corners to avoid meeting chummy companions; and he will become discouraged and morose, because of the grind and monotony of poverty."

When passing behind a street car look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.

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The Mirror

THE STOCK MARKET

Current transactions on the New York stock exchange are not large, by any means, but, in spite of this, fluctuations in quotations are sufficiently wide to attract the "scalpers" and gamblers, who are ever anxious to make a little profit, so as to be able to pay their daily outlay. For the greater part of the past week, the tendency has been downwards, and liquidation very much in evidence on every little rally. At times, it looked as if the market was on the brink of a sharp break, but whenever bears, tempted by this delusive appearance, put out their short lines, they, invariably, found it rather difficult to purchase without advancing quotations on themselves. This proved plainly enough that the "pools" still have the reins in their hands, and that they are not as yet disposed to relinquish efforts to bring about another upward movement.

The bulls and bears are marshaling their forces. At this writing, the former still appear to be the most numerous. But their numerical superiority is somewhat offset by a curious lack of really aggressive and resourceful leaders. In influential quarters, there is as yet no strong disposition to inaugurate a rampant bull movement at this time. Financiers seem to be in a strange mood of prudence and conservatism. They are, evidently, of the same opinion as the editor of the London *Statist*: That it would be rash and dangerous to boom prices pending an adjustment of the world's monetary markets. No intelligent person has any doubt regarding the country's prosperity, which is so well evidenced by expanding bank clearances and railroad earnings. But many experienced observers are of the opinion that it will be best to encourage a prolongation of the present period of comparative dullness and to await a disappearance of the clouds on the money markets' horizon and an assurance of another year of good wheat, corn and cotton crops before setting the ball rolling again.

A fact much commented upon is the determination of the governors of the Bank of England to maintain their official rate at 4 per cent. The open money

market in London is perceptibly below this official rate, and has been for some time, but, for some reason or other, the governors are under the impression that conditions do not justify a relaxation of the tension and that a cheapening of money is not desirable. Of course, they must be supposed to be better informed of the true status of affairs than others, and it is quite within the range of probabilities that they may order a lowering of the discount rate when nobody is looking for it. The Bank of England is, at times, given to the springing of surprises. In connection with this, it may be proper to mention that the rates of discount of the Bank of Bombay and of the Bank of England were, the other day, raised from 7 to 8 per cent.

Sterling exchange is still very strong in New York, Berlin and Paris, this proving conclusively that the tendency of money is towards London, as a result, of course, of the obstinacy with which the discount rate there is maintained at 4 per cent. It is not considered probable that the discount rate at either Berlin or Paris will be advanced for the purpose of warding off gold exports to London, but there is reason to believe that such a course will be adopted in New York. The call rate displayed a little more firmness in the last few days, and so did that for time loans. Considering the enormous amount of loans of the Associated Banks, and the perplexing uncertainty of the exact condition or strength of trust companies in New York, the present state of surplus reserve is none too strong. With the exceptions of 1902 and 1901, they are smaller than they have been, at this time, in any year since 1893. The meaning of this will be readily grasped by anybody of experience and an average amount of horse-sense. It is all very well to say that there is plenty of money in this country, but the fact of the matter is that the New York money market is, at the present time, not what it should be, and cannot at pleasure, or without disturbances of some kind or other, withdraw funds from interior centers.

The decline in Metropolitan issues attracted attention by its extent and suddenness. Superficial observers declare that it was the result of the usual rank sort of manipulation by bear operators. This view is, however, not shared by those who are given to looking below the surface of things. According to opinions expressed by the latter class of Wall street observers, there is something out of joint in the traction situation, and that it will require the concerted and vigorous efforts of skillful insiders to prevent an upheaval. What the nature of the troubles really is must be left to everybody's imagination. It is a curious thing that it was just three years ago that the violent break occurred in Third Avenue, the result of which was the buying up a majority of that stock in the interest of the Metropolitan.

St. Louis & San Francisco common and preferred shares were openly and adroitly manipulated of late, the former almost touching 85, at which price, it is intimated, the Morgan crowd bought a

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large block of the shares from the Seligmans some time ago. As usual, and as could have been expected, consolidation rumors formed the basis of the violent advance. In well-informed quarters, there is, apparently, no longer any doubt but that the 'Frisco will before long be absorbed or leased by another large system. This, however, does not, *per se*, justify careful people in "loading up" with the stock at ruling high prices, even admitting that it is "tipped" for 100.

The Gould issues are being closely watched. There is a well-defined impression that something is brewing, and that, if nothing untoward occurs in the rest of the market, Missouri Pacific will surely land at 125 or 130. This stock has been fairly steady in the last two weeks and given indication that its course is cleverly managed by expert operators. Missouri Pacific has ever been treacherous in its movements, and, as a rule, not much of a favorite with careful speculators. At the present time, however, it would seem that there is considerable inducement for such as are provided with sufficient cash to put up a stiff margin to buy the shares on every moderate setback and to hang on to them courageously, tenaciously and patiently.

Prospects for the immediate future still favor a see-sawing market, the kind that is best liked by "scalpers." Whether the next substantial movement will be upward or downward cannot as yet be determined. Surface indications are, seemingly, in favor of the bulls, but they may be misleading, as they have so often proved to be in the past.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

In the early part of the past week, the local market showed considerable strength, some issues being in good demand and at rising prices. This improvement was, however, followed by a resumption of liquidation on the part of tired holders, the consequence being that, at the end of the week, most of the issues had returned to their previous low level. The buying demand is still of a highly speculative character. "Tips" are abundant on Fourth street and eagerly followed by those who have not been at the bull trough for many weeks. The bond market is still exceedingly dull, with price changes few and featureless.

The lighting issues were well to the fore in the last few days. Missouri-Edison preferred, on renewed rumors of consolidation, has risen to 51, the highest touched for sometime, while the common is stiff at 21. Laclede common is steady at 94½, 95¾ asked.

St. Louis Transit sold, at one time, at 30, but encountered such selling pressure at that level that it sank back again to 28½. United preferred advanced to 83, and then reacted to 82. The 4 per cent bonds are quiet at 84¾.

Bank and trust company issues are steady, but dull. Third National is selling at 336¾; Mechanics at 294½ and Missouri Trust at 127. Lincoln is quoted at 258 bid; American Central at 170 bid and Colonial at 200 bid. Germania is strongly held at 235 and Mississippi at 461.

St. Louis Brewing Association 6s are quiet and offered at 95½; Missouri-Edison 6s are 94½ bid and Laclede 5s 107½ bid.

For Simmons Hardware common 155 is bid and for Westinghouse Automatic Coupler 45. Central Coal has risen to 69¾.

Bank clearances are increasing again. Interest rates are steady at 5 and 6 per cent. New York drafts are lower, and Sterling is firm at 4.88.



ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

Reader, "De Soto, Mo.—Think all three

issues will go still higher. Would not advise selling at present. Part of late buying from inside sources.

S. S. E.—Boston house mentioned not in good standing. Why not patronize one of the prominent St. Louis firms? The Philadelphia Street Railway stock you mention is too high to be a safe purchase.

P. E. T., Logansport, Ind.—Still believe stock will rise to your level after a while. As you are well margined up, would recommend holding on to it. Laclede common is held by strong people, and dividends at 4 per cent are being paid regularly.

"Subscriber," Austin, Tex.—Would advise holding Southern Pacific, also Texas & Pacific. Granite you will probably have to hold a few years longer. Don't pay so much attention to the fake news from the mines.

F. J.—The lately published annual statement of the National Biscuit is good, although it shows but a small increase in surplus, compared with preceding year. Think you are justified in holding the common.

H. J. D., Foristell, Mo.—Western Union still pays 5 per cent. Can't advise buying it. Consider Pressed Steel Car common too speculative for an investment.

W. W. O'S.—Believe you will do well in not buying Railway Equipment. The exact status of the concern is not clear, and earnings are strictly imaginative. Can't advise buying Commonwealth on margin at present.

A. A. Z., Shokan, N. Y.—Corn products is a precarious investment. You will do well in getting out of your purchase price at first opportunity and buying something better. The exact status of the company is not clear. Looks like a blind pool. Consider Smelting preferred fairly good, but still very speculative. The common is not attractive.

M. A. M.—Would sell mining stock. May have a little advance again before long, but advance will not hold. Trust stock named is an attractive speculation, but not a stable investment. Would advise you to leave money idle for the present. Don't be in a hurry.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The second annual meeting of the Civic Improvement League will be held Wednesday evening, March 4th, in the lecture hall at the Y. M. C. A. At this meeting a full report will be submitted by the president, Geo. B. Leighton, and a detailed account given of the work that has been done by the Civic Improvement League during the past year, illustrated by the stereopticon. The officers of the league extend an invitation to all citizens interested in their work to attend his meeting. Membership in the league is open to any citizen in St. Louis, and there is no question but that the membership will be doubled in the next year, when the people of St. Louis realize the great amount of work that the league has endeavored to carry on, and the things that it has accomplished in its first year. The membership in the league is \$2.00, and the Secretary's office is located at 605 Colonial Trust Building.



A startling array of the popular Kaiser Zinn suitable for wedding gifts at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., southwest corner Locust and Seventh streets.



CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of the Mirror:

Permit me to thank you for the able article in your issue of February 12, by "W. B. F." entitled "The Lone Star State." The efforts of the present comparatively meager population of Texas to develop it are praiseworthy, but rememberful of a select party of ants endeavoring to roll a potato up a steep hill. The resources of this State are illimitable—the surface has been barely scratched. The Beaumont oil field is but a slight indication of the riches under its broad acres. A thirst-crazed ship's crew once made a landing and began boring for water. Suddenly there was a ponderous

shock and the island disappeared beneath the sea. It proved to be a mammoth turtle dozing in the sun's rays. This illustrates the case of Texas—but the augers thus far used have been too short! The result will be different, however, Texas will wake up, but instead of disappearing, will assume her rightful place as the leading star in the bright galaxy of American States.

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New invicies are being examined and marked this week preparatory to our

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again long for the coming of the next day's paper. But while holding this hate for the paper editorially, I still had to have it. It not only contained more news and better news than any other paper south of Chicago, but its contents were so truthful that it was never necessary to call into play the current trite expression, "Missouri—show me!" I felt the Globe-Democrat was in a just and evincing fight in combating yellow journalism, and was convinced that the foolish who were led away from the "great religious daily" by books and pictures and other fake premiums would be glad to return to the fold and nevermore stray away. But just when the time was ripe for the Globe-Democrat to reap the harvest, ye gods! it demonstrated that it was not immune to journalistic jaundice and developed the most rabid attack of the "yellows" ever heard of! Shades of Joe McCullagh!

W. D. RODER.

Galveston, Tex., Feb. 11.



Make Hay While the Sun Shines, or Make Money While the Great New Spring Opening Sale of New and Artistic Furniture, Carpets and Upholstery lasts. Note goods and prices and see Show Windows!



Axminster Room Rugs—Size 9x12, positively the swellest color effects ever brought out; they come in rich Oriental and other designs and range in price from \$30 to.....\$18.50

Linoleums—Joseph Wild's spring importation of English Linoleums; a hundred patterns to choose from, and they run, per square yard, from \$1.00 to.....49c

Carpets and Rugs.

You will observe that although there is a stiff advance in Carpet values CRAWFORD'S prices show no increase.

A Great Opening Special in 9x12 Tapestry Brussels Rugs, made up of odd centers with pretty floral borders—we made them up to sell at \$15.00, but as a flyer for the opening they will be just.....\$11.50

Velvet Room Rugs—size 9x12, genuine all-wool faced Wilton velvet rugs; really a \$21.00 value, for.....\$15.00

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Axminster Carpets—All this season's new makes and colorings; we have four grades and they range in price from, per yard.....\$1.25 to 75c

Straw Mattings—Just arrived from China and Japan, our annual cargoes of Straw Mattings; there are hundreds of new designs, and they range in price, per yard, from 60c to.....10c

Small Rugs—An endless array of all makes, sizes and prices, in hearth, hall, door, dresser and rack rugs; over a thousand different varieties.

Wilton Velvet Carpets—Three great qualities are shown and they come in 12 to 20 patterns each; the best values ever offered at, a yard.....\$1.25, \$1.10 and 85c

Tapestry Brussels Carpets—Nothing shown for several seasons can compare with this particular line of tapestry Brussels carpets we are going to place on sale to-morrow morning; every pattern is brand-new and come in hall and stair and room designs, and can be had with or without borders; others will ask about 85c a yard for this quality; but our price is.....65c

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Dining Tables.

Solid Quartered Oak, 8 feet long, 6-inch legs, like cut.....\$15

Roll Top Desks

We are showing an exceptionally strong line in these desks. Our specialty is one in golden oak with side drawers, at the low price of

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Mattresses.

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ELOPING PRINCESSES

The flight of the Crown Princess of Saxony with her French tutor, M. Giron, recalls indirectly that of the Infanta Elvira, daughter of Don Carlos, whom, at one time, the Archduke Leopold Ferdinand, the Crown Princess' brother, who is abetting his sister in her present action, unsuccessfully sought in marriage.

It was at the instance of the Roman painter Folchi, whose personal qualifications as a lover were of the very scantiest, that Princess Elvira of Bourbon, by surrendering rank and good name, followed the example of another Spanish royalty, Princess Isabella, sister of King Francis and grand-aunt of the present ruler, King Alfonso.

The manner of the latter's elopement smacked of true romance. Her handsome Polish lover, Count Gurowski, awaited her at the bottom of the rope ladder by which she descended, received her in his arms, and bore her to the carriage that stood ready at the garden gate. They fled to England, where they were married, but the union turned out unfortunately and the couple separated.

Her sister's marriage with the poet, Senor Guel y Rente, was more felicitous. Her husband in his younger days, when but a reporter on a Cuban newspaper, had proposed for the hand of the daughter of a rich planter, who had treated his offer with such contemptuous disdain as to evoke the retort that, though he was too lowly born to aspire to a planter's daughter, a Princess might not spurn his addresses.

Strange to say, this prediction came true. He quitted the West Indies and journeyed to Spain, where, after many years of poverty and neglect, his poems began to find acceptance. Among his admirers was numbered the Infanta Josephine, who sought him out, with the result that the pair fell in love with one another and eloped. They were married at Valladolid, and although at first the union was ignored by her relations it was ultimately recognized and the couple received into favor.

In these Spanish Princesses' steps followed the Sultan's favorite daughter, Nadesha, who, accompanied by a daughter of that renowned warrior, Osman Pasha, contrived to elude the guards of the Yildiz Kiosk and join her poet lover, Niedjar, to whom, despite her autocratic father's wrath, she surrendered her hand in marriage.

To a young infantry lieutenant, Baron Otto Von Seefeld, Princess Elizabeth, a granddaughter of the ruling Austrian Emperor, had given her heart, and on him, daring family opposition, she resolved to bestow her hand. One morning the couple fled together to a remote Alpine village, the priest whereof they persuaded to make them one. Then they started on a honeymoon which was discreetly prolonged until the Princess' parents not only forgave their daughter, but her grandfather, the Emperor, presented her with an estate and an annuity as a wedding gift.

Princess Caraman-Chimay, who, though herself not of illustrious descent, had espoused an ancient lineaged husband, created intense excitement a few years back by deserting him and her family for the sake of a chef d'orchestre

at a Parisian restaurant named Rigo. With her gypsy lover she fled to Hungary, where the couple spent Christmas with the musician's parents in their mud hut on the banks of the Danube. They subsequently traveled through Europe, where their adventures and quarrels afforded ample copy to the society press.

Driven to despair by her husband's cruelty, Princess Louise, the eldest daughter of the King of the Belgians, after a vain appeal to her father for protection, intrusted her future to the keeping of a Hungarian officer of Hussars, Lieutenant Geza de Matachich, with whom she escaped to Spain. The sequel to her reckless love was a desperate duel between the Hungarian and Count Philip of Saxe-Coburg, wherein the latter was wounded.

An elopement which had been planned between the Grand Duchess Olga, of Russia, daughter of Nicholas I., and a young lieutenant named Bariatonski, failed through the pusillanimous treachery of the latter. Everything had been prepared and the time appointed was at hand when the lover, in an access of culpable timidity, made full confession to the Emperor. The Princess was at once married to Prince Charles of Wurtemberg, while the faint-hearted lieutenant received such rapid promotion in his profession as to be a field-marshall before he is fifty.



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